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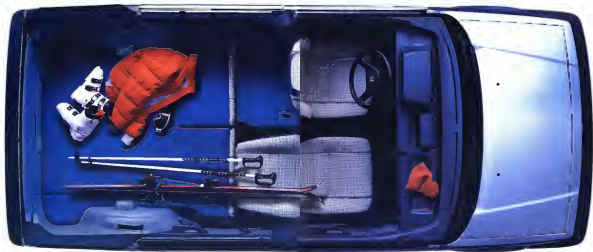
In the Grip of Success

by Frank Rose

On the Edge of Success

by Joe Kane





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HONDA

The Civic Wagon

Scalabrino, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26



SPORTSWEAR FOR ALL AMERICA

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

A SOLDIER'S STORY

IN HIS article "Why Men Love War" (November) William Broyles Jr. com-
passionately neglects to mention that the
wars we live in now would be all-out
pragmatic and totally destructive. If, indeed,
war is fun, there must be said that no one
would survive to fight the next one.

It's a shame that Mr. Broyles also ap-
parently believes that war is the "most ad-
vanced" experience of a lifetime. If life is
to seek, perhaps he should attempt small
acts of real courage that could be achieved
daily without the help of a battlefield. He
might also remember that hand killers and
muggers often kill the same way (shot
the front of the belt, etc.), but I'm sure that
outside the corner of war Mr. Broyles
would not approve of these emotions.
What he is in fact saying is that his per-
verse and patently racist feelings were
frustrated by the war and now, in
"peaceful" society, they have to go.

For most people, men and women, war
is emphatically not "the sweet love" of
their lives; it is a mind-bendingly deeper
meaning in that which gives or enhances
life, and not that which is lost. For those
people with a vague sense of what
they're missing because they did not fight,
as we no longer fighting, I would advise them
to look deeper into their hearts and dis-
cover the signs of that emptiness.

Shawn S. Cook
Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR YEARS, when asked about my war
as a Marine in Vietnam, I have told people
what I was a hairy bad-ass for me. I have
said that not because I'm a hero, but
because I thought that was what
veterans of a war were supposed to say—
periodically veterans of that war. The fact
is—once though I was shot at on occasion,
I killed a number of glibly angry, and
cruel; that war has been a horrible
tragedy and waste—I loved it more than I
hated it.

Like Mr. Broyles, I am a "thoughtful,
downy" man and rather pursuing peaceful
relationships and with absolute reluctance
I go out on a counseling "fantasy" and go help
the contrast. Nevertheless, Vietnam has
persuaded me since I left it, and close
trauma of war that on the rare occasions
when I do elaborate on my experiences
there, I reveal in the morning, talking and
gesturing with a kind of excitement that

they hardly ever see. Thanks to Mr.
Broyles, I no longer feel any shame over
the prolonged pleasure I feel when I
remember it.

Michael McCaffrey
Austin, Tex.

I CAN'T help but wonder what William
Broyles Jr. would have to say about Viet-
nam if he had returned with only one leg.
Shawnaah Muckova
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

ONE'S PERSPECTIVE on war changes
depending on whether one is fighting far
from home or in one's own backyard.
Veterans often stress the adventure, dis-
tinction, the sheer visceral thrill of battle
because that horror and beauty are some-
where else, wrapped and protected by
safety. All of their memories will be fil-
tered by this recurring knowledge, and it
is from this position that Mr. Broyles so
repeatedly ignores the substance of
American war memories.

But for those who are fighting on their
home ground, war has a different flavor
altogether. There is no oasis of safety. We
do them in not an assembly but a way of life.
There is joy in the hope for our loved ones
somewhere, it will have to come from an
understanding of what it is like to fight
when our towns are the battlefield.

Melvin Gruber
Massachusetts, Calif.

THE RICHLY adventurous experience
war offers men and women is not the wide
variety of pleasures available through civ-
ilization. I think of life on the western
match the ultimate pleasure on a battlefield
reflects both the stagnation of ascending
adulthood and the grand deception of
youth. When Broyles writes, "Without
war we could not know from what depths
love rises," I see war as a metaphor for
taking more about love, because the fact
that war shows reveals the power of love is
not very deep at all.

L. S. Cottrell
Breaux, Ontario

I'D LIKE to commend William Broyles for
his honest and astute analysis of a very
sensitive subject. Only by understanding war's
root cause—the animal, visceral ex-
citement we feel for it—can we hope to
bring war to the future.
The armed conflicts of my generation

(Grenade, Landmine, though never limited,
have produced the same excitement in their
veterans as Vietnam did in its own ex-
citement, awe, fear, pain, and also the desire to
see combat again. Pretending that war
produces only horror and that anyone
interested in it is either immoral or insane is
the presence of these who have never seen
combat. And by not finding a way to live
with the part of our nature that leaves
us—excepting our "crazy uncle" locked in
the basement—is in many ways sound in
another one. If war was effective to us,
aren't we being more so thinking that our
sons won't find it equally so?

David K. Webb, Spire
Fort Bragg, N.C.

IF FOUND the cover of the November is-
sue offensive to both men and women. My
own reaction was to want to throw it out. A
Vietnam veteran I know commented that
perhaps the editors of *Esquire* should take
turns making up *Soldier of Fortune*.
Whatever the merits of Broyles' piece, he
deserved a better cover. I hate to see a
magazine I have felt an attachment to over
the years repeatedly resort to such an-
tiseptic vulgarity.

Gloria Emerage
Providence, N.J.

William Broyles Jr. replies:

I envy Mr. Conte his self-righteousness.
No doubt war would not have afforded him
as I did the veterans I know. Mr. Gruber
rightly says America has fought its wars
morally, but on a recent visit to Vietnam I
found that former Vietnam—both men
and women—had memories remarkably
similar to mine, as do many veterans of
World War II. I wonder if Mr. Conte would
so glibly call either group hot men or
nerds. War—any war—is an extreme ex-
perience; the raw values of civilized life do
not always apply when people want to kill
you. War brings out the best in men—
courage and comradeship—and the worst
—brutality and callousness—and marks
them forever with both pride and guilt.
The threat of nuclear holocaust has not
stopped war, nor will using phobias.
We end war by confronting its real struc-
tures, and by finding the strength to over-
come them.

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Man At His Best

AGENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

MATERIAL VALUE Breaking Into Glass



STYLING: JENNIFER WILSON

Every morning, around the crack of dawn, Jerry Raphael, a New York City artist, goes into his living room for a round of calligraphy. His style and form are not as important as position. "I face the fireplace that holds my glass collection," says Raphael. "Depending on whether I am standing, sitting, or lying on the floor, the pieces can take on a whole new look. Sometimes I forget what I am there for. I get so engrossed in rearranging the pieces. Sometimes I think that I have a brand-new piece in the collection, but no, I am just looking at an old piece from a different point of view."

A different point of view is a good thing to have when it comes to the kind of glass Raphael is referring to. It's not Tiffany, Gallé, or any of the early-twentieth-century names that commanded astronomical prices in auction houses and an-

terior stores. Florida. "Today the works of the top artists are increasing at a rate of 25 percent a year."

Raphael remembers the old days, when he and his wife, Barbara, first noticed these unusual glass pieces while shopping in addition to their extensive collection of oil and watercolor paintings. "Very soon we began coveting our paintings in order to add to our collection."

It is too late to get in on the glass act. "Prices are so high now that what they will be," says Heller. "These couldn't be a better time to buy the examples of studio glass."

GLASS ROOTS

Glassmaking was America's first industry, but it wasn't until the late nineteenth century that it really began to flourish.

When artists and designers began directly involved in the manufacturing process. Says Heller, "Tiffany, Gallé, Lalique, and other artists represent the last of a great creative era in glass. This is the start of a new era: modern glass. Lalique, Chikida, Glasco, Pense, Pate, Ben Thon, Myers, Calkins, Jervis, and Kinsman are among the names of the past masters."

These new artists are unique, though: the art-glass designers never worked the glass themselves, but their artists are their creation through their vision of the materials. Studio-glass designers create works ranging from the starkly simple to incredibly elaborate pieces that involve cutting, engraving, polishing, sandblasting, and the application of more glass or other materials to the surface. Some artists choose to retain the traditional blown vessel form, or pieces with a hint. Joel Philip Meyers is a man who does large, thin-walled bottles of opaque colored glass are

cooked and broken into fragments. Then Meyers blows a second piece, this one more complex and chunky, with thick walls. Then he and an assistant collage the colored glass fragments on the first blown form, using a hand torch to fuse the colors with the surface. The finished piece, which may weigh fifteen or twenty pounds, is a subtle surface suggestion: clay, stone, or coral, superimposed with swirling, abstract patterns. Meyers's early work was done with a white opaque glass as a base; his next pieces, in black glass, created a sense of deep space. Now he is using vivid colors, chocolate and deep red, on muted backgrounds. His works sell for \$2,000 to \$4,000.

Mark Pense, on the other hand, has given up glassblowing altogether to cross-pollinate his glass. Working with several colors at a time, Pense infuses the molten hot glass into a graphic mold that has been cut into the silicone form he wears his glass sculpture to take on a variety of geometries, many both short and broad or tall and slender ("soobies") rising from a flat surface. This method makes the most of the plastic's relative quality of glass, in fact, the pieces suggest a ball of rubber, with some spaces suddenly becoming voluminous. Pense's works are relatively small, averaging eight or nine inches in height. His current pieces bring \$2,000 to \$2,500; earlier ones sell for up to \$12,500.

Then there is Harvey Littleton, whose father was a pioneer with the huge Corning Glassworks in upstate New York and whose mother was the first to use heat-resistant Pyrex, which his father helped develop at the factory and brought home for her to try out. Such industrial pursuits, however, were not for the

common until after the Second World War, when it started going seedless. However, because of the recent conservative trend, men are wearing jackets more often now, and breast-pocket wallets are selling better than they have in many years.

As to style, smooth leathers are always best. You can find soft, supple, and beautifully made calfskin, kid, and sheep wallets for \$50 and up at Coach & Pringle, Lane, and Mark Cross in New York.

GOOD THINKING *I'm Okay, You're a Maître d'*

Thank all Eating Out: Fearless Dining in Eating Restaurants, by John F. Mariani (Walker, Morrow, \$7.95), as a sort of culinary Rosetta stone that allows its reader to wend their way into any local Moroccan lunch spot, for example, order a plate of *Kari el ghazal* and know it is all confidence to expect "a meaty shaggy, pastured, dried with aromatic paste." Just as important, the reader will have gained an instant familiarity with the bedside manner and idiosyncrasies of Moroccan dining: he will remember that "it is considered quite legitimate to eat with one's fingers from a common plate" and that "a true Moroccan meal will be served in a room where the guests feel free to loiter, argue, and loiter right on the table."

Eating Out is also a confidence-inspiring self-help guide for the inexperienced restaurant-goer. In *How to Eat in Paris*, for instance, Mariani tells the person who's never known where to go to sit, and how much to tip. Of particular interest in this respect is the chapter on French restaurants (entitled "Four Orders of Civilization") advising to a punch line from a by-now-classic *I Love Lucy* episode: Have Mariani act as champion of the down-trodden diner—that untutored rate customer who, through-

The most highly prized—and highly priced—include crocodile wallets, which fetch up to \$300. However, when you get, unfortunately, to an actual crocodile's stomach wrapped around your money-bag. Stick only simpler leathers. Or focus on the whole thing and do what one would-famous Italian automotive magazine does: have your better hand you a plain white envelope each day with twenty or thirty crisp hundred-dollar bills inside. —John Berendt

THE DRINKING MAN *How Old Is It?*



There is this thing we have about having being old, so if an appeal were that of an orange. We have the idea of enjoying a pleasure that has long been put off. We love, too, the rugged, dusty bottle, cobwebbed with treasured cache of ambrosia, once ripened, brewed long. As the simple fact of time having passed follows a magic we can taste.

However, there's a popular misconception that goes with this. It isn't simply time's passing that makes wine an alcoholic beverage. The term *age*, when applied to wine and spirits, means "maturity," that is, "improving," and in fact, the question of quality is more complicated than the simple one: "the older the better" would have it.

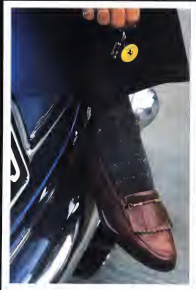
First of all, some spirits that is, distilled alcoholic potables, as distinct from wine, go and rot like most, rottable, among them, aren't aged at all. They are bottled shortly after distillation, and their quality doesn't change no matter how long they sit on the shelf. Many spirits—most, in fact—also aged in the cask, which means that after distillation they are stored for varying numbers of years in wooden casks or barrels. The barrels are porous, and changes in the distillate come about as a result of both

its reaction with the barrel wood and with the air. A spirit does not mature in the bottle. Its age is fixed when it is unsealed, an age often noted on the bottle label.

However, the age of a spirit is merely one of its characteristics. Like the alcoholic proof, it's a bit of information. In general, only aging across the decades, at coddling, the mellow, making it smoother, less dense, less belligerent on the tongue. It's a necessary, not desirable, pretty long, unpleasant stuff. By law all Scotchies, for example, are aged at least three years, none can enter the United States that haven't been matured at least four. It's acknowledged neither that most Scotchies require longer than the law demands to attain palatability. But length of aging is determined by other factors: the quality of grain and water, for example, and the natural mellowing in the process of distillation itself. It is a part of the good action equation. And Scotchies are produced purposefully to conform to a variety of demands of density and refinement.

In a final distillate, like Cognac, roundness and uniformity are universally valued, and hence the age of a Cognac may be considered to be more of a corollary of quality than is the case with grain whiskeys.

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Man At His Best

Cork aging improves Cognac far roughly half a century, but the risk of evaporation and the inevitable loss due to evaporation make production of Cognacs of such longevity impractical. The oldest Cognacs produced in any quantity are between twenty-five and forty years old.

For the consumer, however, determining the age of bottled Cognacs isn't simple. That's because all bottles are blends of Cognacs that have been aged separately and then married, often for less than a year. The United States largely uses statements on bottles concerning the country instead, the labels are marked according to what amounts to a code. A three-star Cognac must be a minimum of two years old, meaning that the youngest Cognac in the blend has been at least two years old. Cognacs labeled VO, VSOP, or Reserve are blended from Cognacs at least four years old, and Extra, Napoleon, or Vieille Reserve from those at least five and a half. It should also be said that Cognacs from different houses are produced according to the expectations of the individual buyers, and thus your particular taste ought to be the ultimate arbiter of quality.

VINTAGE WISDOM

Unlike spirits, where vintage in the bottle, that is, they can change once you own them. White wines, because of their natural acidity, are meant to be enjoyed when they are relatively young, generally within three years of the vintage. Reds, shiraz and merlot, age more kindly and it's not surprising for a red wine's reputation to span decades. Many wine guides include estimates of the time required for particular wines to reach their peaks, but it is difficult to propose general guidelines. Actually, this is a period of change and experimentation on the wine industry; many reds from France and Italy, for example, are now being produced according to winemaking processes that have been revamped since the mid-Seventies in order to yield wines

that mature more quickly. Wines that may once have required up to twenty years of maturation may now be consumed before half that time has elapsed. In fact, the familiar traditions have been changed to such an extent that Terry Roberts, author of *The New York Times Book of Wines*, cautions the consumer to eschew long storage planning and his advice, more empirically: "The new rule is: try it now, and if you like it, drink it now; don't let it away in a quiet cellar. Or if you don't like it now, try it in two or three years; you have changed substantially."

There are a couple of popular oddballs. Champagne is often aged in the bottle by its producer for four years or longer before it is shipped to market. Proverb has it that champagne loses for seventeen years, but logic insists that lying it away doesn't make sense. The sparkle can only lie. Drink it in its youth, preferably as you buy it, but certainly within two years of purchase. (If you don't drink it right away, store it in its side.) That way the cork stays wet, and hence, expanded and snug in the bottle, protecting the effervescence.

Vintage port, the fortified wine from Portugal, is a well-known exception: holding out for ages, thus usually worth the wait if it reaches maturity. The bottom line is that the bottle along the way doesn't ruin the wine has spoiled just that once it's ready, it requires drinking.

According to *Groceries of the World in Wine, Beer, and Spirits*, "Wine like a human being, is born, passes through adolescence, matures, grows old, and, if not drunk in time, becomes senile and finally dies." The message is outlandish, of course, but it is certainly true that alcoholic beverages have lives, the quality of which is not necessarily determined by length. Or so put it a different way: it is one of life's grates, cruel and mysterious, that none of our bodies deplete sooner than others; it's another that the same is true of our spirits.

—Bruce Weber

BIBLIOPHILIA Who's In in Art



It's still a mess, when guardians of the public taste wanted to define a current-genre art movement, they simply shut it out. Galleries a century ago barred their doors against the Impressionists. Museum and his (it's hard to set up their own Salon des Refusés. The avant-gardists did effect big changes, but it seemed clear we was lost. Even in the Sixties, few new artists could skip the watch-dogs and into the collectors and galleries that mattered.

But in the past half-decade, unprecedented numbers of artists have been running at the gates, and more than ever are getting in. The proliferation of grass-roots galleries in places like Manhattan's Lower East Side has generated established collectors to take chances on previously untapped talents. The results have been by turns refreshing and glamorous—as is so often the case with American rebellions. It's hard to tell whether we're witnessing a democratic groundswell or a rush for the bank vaults.

New Art (Barry N. Abram, \$17.95) is the first book that surveys the current, freely art scene of the Eighties. Put together by a quartet of editors at the art-book house of J.J. Abrams, Ivan Aronson, and Zwargman. Some may quibble over what's in and what's left out, but if you wouldn't know it, Rodney Allen Greenblatt from a

Larry Lurie (yes, Larry Lurie), this book is for you.

The word here is breadth. There are graffiti-art sales and rooms full of modernist masterpieces. Booking an airport terminal corner and daily newspaper cartoons, Lower East Side billboards and kindly rendered landscapes. The artists range from their mid-twenties to early sixties; they come from around the world, but their focus is on New York galleries, from funky Gracie Mansion to busy-tasty Leo Castelli.

If criticism is *New Art's* strength, it's also its weakness. In the introductory notes, the authors admit they've found it a bit hard to pin down what's "new" as to define what's "art." Rodney's rendered overly cautious who's won a portion of reviews, but they've explained every little. There's no commentary beyond the apparent and nothing biographical but brief biographies and bios. No other gets more than three pages. And the reproductions would convey more if they weren't on newspaper. Newspaper? The slumpy paper and scanty ink kept her from down, but they also suggest the domestic of the current line for art's lack of commitment.

But how much of this art's art deserves commitment? Much of it isn't, some will last. *New Art* is a good place to start scratching it and the only place to see what's happening all at once. ●

PHOTOGRAPHY: GALEA



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Man At His Best

SPECIAL PLACES

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No matter how driving you find the beaches and warm coasts, coves and tiny little shops, there comes a day in every island visit when the coral craves out for something more. That's the time to seek out the coastal side of the Caribbean, which, though not always easy to locate, yields mouthwatering morsels of culture and history, often in remote and magical settings.

FIREFLY
PORT MARIA, JAMAICA

[illegible]

GREENWOOD
GREAT HOUSE
MONTGO BAY, JAMAICA

[illegible]

The Bettmans have another home on the grounds, but they use Greenwood for entertainment: sleep-on-the second-floor bedrooms, and open for tourists at 9:00 a.m. daily. "They love to jump up here," says one of the smiling women who work as playboys there. Bedrooms are festooned with a TV set behind a dresser panel and a modern bathroom beyond a closed door. Ghosts are said to haunt most Jamaica great houses, and Greenwood is no exception. On the first floor the black steps at the doorway lead down to a dark photograph. "You see that woman servant," she says, "carrying a basket like facts standing in the back ground." She was already dead when the picture was taken.

On the way out, you stop long for a drink in the onetime plantation kitchen. One of the women sits and sews in and so—so one doesn't forget, the noble

NELSON'S DOCKYARD ANTISUA
Horatio Nelson, the almost mythic naval hero, spent some swashbuckling years in the West Indies and during the

NELSON'S DOCKYARD ARTISAN

Horatio Nelson, the almost mythic naval hero, spent some swashbuckling years in the West Indies and during the

1798), costumed a dockyard named by the high green bluffs of the English Harbour. Anamnetic restoration of the two-acre grounds is bringing back the sights, sounds, and smells of that colorful if crude wharfedale. Connecticut's Mystic Seaport is perhaps the model, but the restorers, led by Ted Stearns and sent out from England, are after something that will less convincingly

Sex is a scorchingly sensitive topic going on selling their pain of business and careers on the lawn by the quays where gleaming yachts from Miami, Toronto, Guelph, and Lake Tahoe are lined up like fire engines in front of Ontario. Near the walled entrance to the grounds sit in the shade of a massive tree three playing girls, a young man in a black varsity jacket of the deers, Stevens and his crew have burned the entire Officers Quarters—a sprawling two-story stone building near the quays—into a mass of shops and businesses operated by young local talent, turning old silk-screen T-shirts, pattern trousers, and bikini goods. There will be a lounge, a bar, a room with a tiled room now stand—old of it, the developers say, in a Gay men mood took.

NELSON MUSEUM
MORNING STAR, NEWS

Lord Nelson's famous last battle was marked on sheepy little News of March 11, 1967 that was widely read by the famous Francis Albert (Frank) Nesbit, a young island school, under a salt-crusted tree at Montserrat Estate. The tree and estate name are still there, and a register was a worthy roadside church records the event, but it was left to a Philadelphia lawyer named Robert Abraham to flesh out the Nelson saga. Abraham is a keen student of history—though, strange to say, not particularly an admirer of Nelson's—his story (re-

one year's accumulating coins, cups, baby pigs, small horses, peafowl, a cone with a spiggle in one end, and a Geopon's traveling hardside. All of the Nelson macramé is on very dusty in a little stone building a



Man At His Best

Morning Star, a lovely wind-swept plantation Abasco has restored for his winter site.

OLD SAN JUAN PUERTO RICO

This was a crumbling colonial ghetto until the mid-1950s, when Operation Bootstrap began to revitalize the ancient walled seaport, building by building. Today since call it a Caribbean Nelly West Beach, we should be flattered. Old San Juan is best seen on foot, and a good place to start is at its (y)ellow Dominican convent that houses the Institute of Puerto Rican Culture, a museum of the restoration. In the convent's shaded patio, students stream cawing, small, high-pitched gutters that cause to Puerto Rico three centuries

ago and have antiques a personal since the 16th. Next door, on the Plaza de San Juan, color music drifts from a very restored colonial building. Inside the Pablo Casals Museum you can relax in plush chairs and listen to televised performances of any piece played at the Casals Festival over the years. La Fortaleza, though it functions as the governor's mansion, is open to casual inspection. The family stag is in the gate to greet visitors. Descending Old San Juan to El Morro, the star-shaped fortress of tunnels, dungeons, and watchtowers. On the surrounding green, children fly kites in the brick ocean lanes. Back soccer balls and play me. Soho was never like this.

—David Butwin

PRACTICAL MATTERS *Flower of Civilization*



There was a time when a woman when no gentleman would dream of going out in public unless he was wearing a hat, a watch and chain, and a boutonniere. Now and then, fashion arbiters mourn the faded glories of one or all of these. Some of us don't mourn at all, however, because we've never given them up. Singly or in combination, these elegant accessories don't show about our youth a top or a daisy. They only suggest that you care about good appearance.

None more so than the boutonniere, a tasteful accessory we

mounting the lapel. Fastening a flower to your coat isn't unusual, having that next to your idea you're probably wearing a boutonniere. Trained with lace. The men of the boutonniere—buttonhole, it's often called—historically are quite masculine. Primitive Teutonic warriors steamed into battle wearing sprigs of woodruff, perhaps to fight Roman centurions wearing roses. The first Napoleon usually had violet somewhere about his person. In the nineteenth-century United States, highly fashionable and sometimes put faced

arrangements (one flower in an arrangement, after all) on their lapels, sometimes for what in some were practical reasons. William McKinley, our first "modern" President, was a stern, no-nonsense national leader. He habitually wore a flower. When he had to disappoint someone who would like to do something, he offered his "no" by giving him the flower. It was a success, certainly, but more than that. The flower provided a graceful way for a word and a decent exit to say, "I'm sorry."

In those days the most common boutonniere was a carnation, usually white, but sometimes red. Now and then you'd see a rose. Carnations are still the most common boutonniere. I've never seen carnation and never expect to. With its stiffly ruffled, precise petals, it's a rather plastic-looking boutonniere, all the more so as it frequently worn by people in a wedding party. When the vintage lapel buttonhole is missing, as it often the case on these ghostly ruined castles, a carnation's gaily state is pinned faithfully on the front of the lapel, much as if a watch were strapped around a sleeve. A flower's state is necessary to secure it but usually adds nothing to its beauty.

THE RIGHT FLOWER

If you rule out carnations, what flowers are best for buttonholes? Small daisies are fine, as are miniature chrysanthemums, bachelor's buttons, lilacs of the valley. I like small woodruffs, barely open, or fully opened small roses. Any flower larger than an inch in diameter seems out of place to me, but that's a matter of taste, lapel width, and the season's bulk. If you stop at a flower, he will make a professional boutonniere (complete with a leaf or two as background) and pin it on, but that seems fancy and complicated. The best boutonnières come from a garden, or at least a blossoming neighborhood full of one do.

A boutonniere seldom lasts longer than a day. To keep it

fresh and bright, and to strengthen a fragile stem, I do this: I suspend a scrap of paper towel and roll it around the lower end and a half or so of stem, which should be about two inches long. Then I roll the moistened paper in a bit of thin aluminum foil, making a tight, sturdy sheath for the flower. Finally, I poke the wrapped stem gently through my lapel buttonhole, making sure the flower lies flat and next to the lapel, and pin it closed through the stem and foil—that is, to the inner surface of the lapel only. The next pin to use is one of those with a round, crumpled head. Well!

If you're lucky, you can coordinate colors. I don't, although I avoid violently vivid hues. The important thing is to have a tasteful splash of nature on your lapel. Unless you have a greenhouse at your home a carnation, buttonhole obviously are seasonal. I generally am able to find something as matter what the season—if all else fails, a spray of white anemones. We have an ornamental shrub at the side of the house that in season bears clusters of minute cones, and a spray, cones and all, is rustic and elegant on a broad pocket. Around Christmas time, red and white sprigs of holly or mistletoe on your lapel.

Wearing a boutonniere on an overcoat or topcoat seems a bit flashy and gaudy to me, but I may well be too conservative. A problem with overcoats, though, is that they tend to crush a boutonniere on a pocket, especially when you change the coat of arms or an.

Notice it's, department store flowermen, and the skills of underlining a suit. Men traditionally wear boutonnières, usually carnations. Since I never wear a carnation, I have needed suitable carnation wearers tell me they sometimes encounter. People ask them for a title for us, which floor the buttonholes are in, or which pins are required for the family.

Boston enough right there to avoid carnations.

—Robert Cochen

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AMERICAN BEAT

BY BOB GREENE

ONE NIGHT WITH YOU

A visit with Carolyn Faris, a screen of reasons

THE ONLY societas I know in Chicago, Sugar Rustford was in the newspaper building where I work, leaving her photograph taken for a fashion layout. She stopped by my office.

She asked me what I was up to, and I said that I was about to embark on a trip to various cities. I said that I wasn't especially looking forward to the trip, as many of the cities where I'd be staying, I didn't know anyone.

"What cities?" she said. "Oh, Houston..." "Houston?" she said, her eyes brightening. She reached for my telephone.

"May I?" she said. She dialed a long-distance number. "Carolyn?" she said. "I'm sending you a man." Then she had a brief conversation. Sugar Rustford was on the telephone, across the room I spoke with Carolyn, whoever she was. She invited me to call her when I got to Houston.

After I had hung up, I said to Sugar who it was that I had been talking to.

"Her name is Carolyn Faris," Sugar said.

"And who's that?" I said. "You may have read about her," Sugar said. "She's the woman who got the \$20-million divorce settlement in Houston." I thought about that for a moment. "Not the woman with the dozer?" I said. "Well, yes," Sugar said. "My God," I said.

THERE ARE very few expensive stories I remember precisely, but there was no forgetting the story in *People* magazine about Carolyn Faris's divorce. Amazingly, the *People* story was about such people's do as a general, but the story had referred to Carolyn Faris as the "queen of dozers."

The story had said that Mrs. Faris's dozer took up two thousand square feet—these days some three-bedroom homes, according to *People*. Her dozer consisted of six stories, including one equipped with a sofa, a telephone, and a table, presumably



chicken from the house because he hated chicken. I personally went to the bakery and bought his favorite pineapple pie. And when he went on trips, I always packed his bags myself."

MY PLANE arrived in Houston early in the evening. I always feel lonely when I walk into a strange airport.

I walked over to the bank of pay phones. I dialed the number that Sugar Rustford had given me.

"Mrs. Faris, this is Bob Greene," I said. "We talked on the phone when Sugar called you."

I asked her if she would like to have a drink. She said that might be all right.

"Maybe you could swing by my hotel after I check in, and we could just go down to the lobby and have a drink in the hotel bar," I said.

"Where are you staying?" she said.

I told her the name of the hotel. There was a pause.

"That is definitely not a place for me," she said.

"But I would hope it's not a place for you," I said. "I told her I'd call her when I arrived at the hotel and checked in, and she said that would be fine."

I ARRIVED at the hotel. It was lovely and modern. I got to my room and I dialed Carolyn Faris's number again. I planned on telling her that I was in town and in a nice neighborhood and really quite acceptable for a quick drink.

But before I could tell her anything, she said, "I've sent my security man to pick you up."

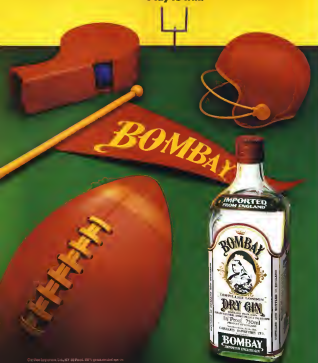
"Your security man?" I said. "Yes," she said. "He should be pulling up to the hotel any minute. That I don't know what to tell him to look for. I have no idea what you look like."

"I'm just kind of average," I said. "Well, let me see a picture," she said. "He's the driving officer's Jeep magazine or a Silver Shadow. So he's a..."

"Okay," I said.

Imported from England. Slowly, gently distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. Pass it around.

Play to win.



ETHICS
BY HARRY STEIN

RISE ABOVE MALAISE

It's all a matter of looking outward rather than inward

"THIS PAPER has been sent to you for good luck," began the letter, composed on five-hole bologna in what I took to be an adolescent hand and postmarked Toledo, Ohio. "The original copy is in New England. It has been around the world nine times. The luck has now been sent to you."

My correspondent had evidently been having trouble with his pen, for the ink suddenly became green. "You will receive good luck within ten days of receiving this letter providing you in turn send it on. This is no joke."

Who was this person? How had he gotten my address? I crumpled the page and tossed it into the wastebasket, but that day's subscriptions for magazine autographs and mail-order stores, and the plea, addressed to my three-year-old daughter, for a contribution to the Reagan reelection effort. But a moment later I found myself reconsidering. Good luck. God knows I could use some of that.

mean, between the way my pencil was doing on the subscription delivery and the way the mortgage kept eating that. Between the ongoing war with the plumber and the noises emanating from the stovecase in Washington, I had taken on a particularly gloomy cast of life.

On the one hand, it was a choice letter from an elementary school I'd never sunk that low.

But, hey, on the other hand, what sense have I could run right over to the Korean restaurant place on the corner, make ten or twelve photocopies of the thing, and what would it cost me—a buck, maybe?

For a full ten seconds I weighed the unseemly proposition, going back and forth, the way Dr. David Duke, an angry Donald in one shoulder and a devil himself on the other, used to grapple with moral issues.

That I ultimately failed to do my bit in combating the chain was, I'm afraid, less a matter of high-mindedness or even wary than of pragmatism, on retrieving the thing



from the wastebasket, I discovered that I was being asked to forward twenty copies, each in my own hand.

Now this was certainly an atrocious moment in the midst of a particularly lousy period, one of those times in which one is likely to consider the possibility of just escape hitch that precious mail. In fact, a couple of weeks later, finding myself on assignment within the walls of a maximum security prison and having an inmate's description of life there—not only was he pained with the exquisite three-much-a-day food much better than he'd anticipated but with a private radio featuring a TV and a radio, plus all the reading material he desired to fill the idle afternoon hours—I actually felt a twinge of envy.

IT WAS 130 years ago, during the adolescence of the Industrial Revolution, that Thomas made his timeless observation about the mass of humankind looking "lines of quiet desperation." And so, at that time,

they unconsciously felt, of how in spite of the material successes, endlessly struggling against circumstances they understood would never change. Any comparison of that age with this one—a time of loose computers, Teflon, and a greater variety of "ideology" for the choosing than Freud could have dreamed up as a cocaine hallucination—bound to be inexact. Yet in all the loose ways, we remain what we have always been, and in no sense more so than in the frequency with which we feel just awed, overwhelmed by the world around us, and gone from it to very much about it.

In fact, in an age increasingly dominated by an evolving extraterrestrial force, one in which the struggle to fight back is likely to be thwarted not only by the sheer concentration of power of the other side but by its very superhumanity, that visible to more observers than ever before. Somewhat aware of ourselves to begin with, we are, most of us,

made more aware of our shortcomings by not being more than the particulars of daily life, by our dealings with the phone company and the atomism of the IRS, by implicitly being denied credit or finding ourselves stuck at work by a decision from corporate headquarters—hell, even by having our assets mismanaged for the sixth time this week by some astute, anon schmuck on the telephone.

For memberless souls of the postwar generation—those of us who arrived at adulthood with big plans for ourselves and voted against the society at large—the fact of finding ourselves struggling along in a world that refuses to conform to our expectations is especially unsettling. This is not, after all, the way it was supposed to be. Anything was going to be within our power; it had not been only our parents who had told us so, but the President from Camelot and, for a while, his successors at every level of government. I'd never kept the evening, seemingly a lifetime ago,

ILLUSTRATION: MICHEL COMTE (1988)

THE WORLD CAN BE MADE LESS OPPRESSIVE, EVEN MORE HUMANE, BY THOSE OF US WHO REFUSE TO GIVE UP ON IT—OR ON OURSELVES. POWERLESSNESS IS, FINALLY, A MATTER OF CHOICE.

when Lyndon Johnson, that wretched betrayer of the Kennedy legacy, announced that he would not seek reelection, driven from office by the growing peace movement, and my campus, like campuses throughout the nation, erupted in a spasm of raucous self-congratulation, with students hugging strangers as if it were VJ Day all over again. When it became clear, however, that our alternate objectives remained as far from realization as ever, we gave in to a sense of emotional fatigue, we surrendered literally by the millions.

A similar process played itself out during the recent presidential campaign. For many of us, the growing inevitability of the result elicited a gloom that in the end was paralyzing. If this is truly the way it is at this juncture, we seemed to collectively envision a future in which the possibility that the ill-fatedty of our nation's so many Reagan voters might still reflect an underlying desperation of comprehensible depth, then where is the cause for effort? "I'm beginning to think," I actually heard one conservative pundit say in the final period, as a variation on a usually common theme: "that medieval war has its pleasures. The world is beyond apathy. Why not start pushing the button, say the atomic clock, and let someone else start out fresh in a couple of million years?"

THOUGH IT is more than a little discouraging to abruptly feel alcoholism, drug abuse, and teenage suicide hot topics—the stuff of movies-of-the-week and big book deals—it is not a new phenomenon. They are being seen by what they are: investigations to feelings of profound acquiescence. What continues to be far less well understood in the extent to which almost all of us, to one degree or another, share those feelings. In a society in which the notion that each of us should be master of his own destiny is tirelessly promulgated, yet in which, for most of us, such a thing is not even remotely in the cards, such feelings should not exist but for one reason: they are equally profound bankruptcy of the spirit, an aching need to be somehow empowered that can never be satisfied by dollars. At the very best themselves affirm over and over again, money being nothing more than stuff.

Genetic well-being is, starkly contrasted, a matter of the heart and the guts, of a bedrock commitment to ideals, of striving, daily, on behalf of something larger than one's own comfort. Being backlisted by Hollywood, director Joseph Losey once said, means not to be one of the big fish that even happened to lose because "without it I would have those Cadillac

two remaining ponds, and millions of dollars, and I'd be dead."

Most of us, perhaps, on some level, to grasp that. And yet, somehow, levels of alternatives, we persist in aspiring to the version of fulfillment set up by the advertisement—and in regarding ourselves as inadequate for failing to achieve it.

This is probably the way it will forever be that our society: Entire industries, literally billions of dollars, rest on our remaining silent, or our being so distracted by latter-day broad and crassness that, even while suffering the depths of our own despair, we will be unable to erect a meaningful self-defense. This is a message the silent tragedies of the age, the moans, as psychologist Martin Seligman puts it, depression has become "our national mental illness."

But, too, something else is clear, slowly, potentially, a day by a day, the world can be made less oppressive, even more humane, by those of us who refuse to give up on it—or on ourselves. Powerlessness is, finally, a matter of choice and so, too, is responsibility. Each of us, even in times as bleak as this—in discouraging, atomizing, as characterized by transient immensity—has the option, there for the taking, of posing his life in something quite the opposite of quiet desperation. A lot of people have, around the same I was giving such rather conventional to clean letters and his beloved horse. I supposed to run into an old friend of my father's, clipboard in hand, exiting a conference aimed at generating intercity tolerance. It was in fact, this fellow who over coffee, made me aware of the observation by Joseph Losey noted above, it appeared in that day's paper, had a dozen paragraphs into Losey's interview.

"A doctor I knew once he made the obit to find out how his patients are doing," the guy noted with a smile. "I read them for inspiration."

Not, of course, that he seemed to need any. Never have I known anyone more committed to some work or cause than him and right now to meals on wheels, from working for a nuclear freeze to his current work of mind. I found the very sight of him instantly soul-purifying.

"Have you ever wondered what they'll put in your obituary?" I asked.

He must have caught the intent—in conventional terms, he has not been a success—and for a long moment he made no reply. "There probably won't be one," he replied finally. "But at least I know I've been here."

MARTY STERN is the author of *Children's Other Landscapes* published by St. Martin's Press.

DON'T MISS

The year according to Esquire:

DURIOUS ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS January

Esquire in its entirety. A collection of the best and most genuinely dumb events of the past year.

Love, death, and justice



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SPORTS CLINIC

BY MICHAEL KIEFER

THE INS AND OUTS OF BREATHING

There seems to be nothing in it, but it's not so simple

I WAS once handed pads onto a run, and I felt hopelessly wooed. I was dutifully testing a doctor's claim that the correct breathing pattern for running is one sort of inhalation, the left with it, I doctored, and slipped back into my tired and tear-drenched—there were in those days—out. My wind came back and my feet pounded into the cinders. I was soon pulled into the hypnotic rhythm.

From a Western medical point of view, breathing is something to be left alone, a body function that takes care of itself. From an Eastern viewpoint, however, breathing is a bridge that spans body, mind, and spirit. It's a natural process, but it can be manipulated to the benefit of the body. "You make where you need you try and exhale where you need to exhale where you need to exhale energy," I was told by a yogi who also happens to be a terms po. It is an anecdotal claim that in many of the Oriental languages the words denoting breath,

force, and energy are very often identical.

More and more athletes and runners are exploring breathing techniques as a means of increasing cardiovascular, body efficiency, and control. The ability or inability to run long distances, for instance, is mostly a function of training and heredity. Body size, lung capacity, muscle tone, and so on, but it is partly a function of technique—how clearly the lungs and respiratory muscles work in concert with the body. The chest muscles lift the rib cage to allow the lungs to fill with oxygen, but they are also connected to the back, shoulder, and other muscles and are thereby influenced by the rest of the body.

The diaphragm, which controls respiration, also plays the abdominal organs and is affected by their location and the up and down slugging of running. It's a question of mechanics, if anything is moving out of phase, the machine cannot run smoothly and there is discomfort.

Some of us operate the machine better



than others. Dr. Bruce Beattie, a biologist at the University of Utah, Salt Lake City, based on a study of breathing and locomotion that inexperienced runners breathe irregularly, while experienced runners slip naturally into locked step-breath patterns. The experienced runners, Beattie discovered, use breathing rhythms much like driving, performing, slow at the outset, quicken with greater speed, up an incline, or as fatigue sets in—a set number of patters, as if they had been "wired into the system."

Experienced runners are likely masters of one such pattern. These bodies move with an efficiency that cannot usually be attained with immediate entry on. Perhaps this is one difference between superior athletes and the rest of us. On the other hand, can inexperienced runners be pushed through these breathing patterns and taught to run more efficiently? That's a possibility," says Beattie.

It's a certainty, according to Ian Jack-

son, a triathlete who has built himself into a fitness constant and breathing expert by encouraging experimentation with breathing patterns and by subtly altering stride and body position to enhance breath efficiency. Jackson finds that he can make even the most experienced athletes perform better. Jackson has coached world-class runners and cyclists (including 1981 Ironman Triathlon winner John Howard and Olympic gold medal cyclist Steve Gaudin), consulted with university football, basketball, and track teams, and written an anatomy about exercise and fitness. Ten years ago, when he published a book of stretching exercises for runners, eye exams were noted, now such exercises are no longer. Some things he has changed. Now he's into breathing.

Jackson has a repertoire of breathing patterns from which he picks the one that's right for the runner. A four-to-six gear breath with three-to-five breath may be the comfortable start of today's run, but tomorrow, depending on the temperature and the air quality and how much sleep he gets, a three-to-four gear breath may be better. For those first experiments, Jackson suggests rhythms that are one step longer on the out-breath, patterns that he calls "odd makes you even." This approach makes physiological sense, as it takes longer to exhale fully than to inhale, but it may also alleviate other problems.

Beattie found that most runners are "hooked," that is, they always start their breathing cycle at the same spot. And he found that most runners have asymmetric gait, that the stride may be longer or higher or more forced on one side than the other. Jackson is familiar with Beattie's work, and although he is a coach and athlete and not a scientist, his observations have been similar. Furthermore, Jackson says, can lead to chronic injury because one side always takes more punishment than the other. Odd makes you even.

ANXIETY IS FEAR OF LOSING CONTROL AND BREATHING IS AN INVOLUNTARY REFLEX THAT CAN BE PUT ON VOLUNTARY OVERRIDE, THEN PERHAPS CONSCIOUSLY TAKING CONTROL OF BREATHING BRINGS A SENSE OF OVERALL CONTROL.

breathing alternates bloodless and even out the gas by alternating the foot in which the greatest stress falls through each breathing cycle, thereby lessening the chance of injury.

There is precedent for this. Competitive decathlete swimmers find that breathing on alternate sides even out their stroke and keeps them from puffing too strongly in one direction, which also keeps them even in terms of who is going to win the race.

The apprehension of breath and exertion is more obvious in swimming than in any other sport. If you don't breathe at the correct moment in the crawl you get a mouthful. Even for the backstroke, where the head is always out of the water, swimmers need to find the best rhythm. "It's a stroke like the butterfly," says Wheaton College swimming coach Jon Lederhouse, "you're doing a double arm recovery, and at the end of the stroke the feet kick, the hands push, everything happens at once. That is the most explosive time of the stroke. That's the natural time for the air to come out." Or is it the most explosive time because that's precisely when the air comes out?

You exhale as you push the bar away in weight lifting; you exhale as you throw the shot put. Tennis players grunt when they hit the ball, martial artists shout as they kick or punch. The same thing for volleyball. As described by Jim Vicary, a Chicago-area exercise physiologist and sports psychology consultant, the body works like a piston—contracting and contracting, squeezing energy and releasing it—while executing a volitional action.

Says Vicary: "Your body goes through a series of cycling of your joints. Your two cock and your trunk cocks, your elbow and your wrist—like rubber bands. You must elicit energy, not create the most tension possible at the body, and you maximize the range of motion, including the chest. By taking a nice deep breath, you're preloading your muscles, stretching them. And so when you exhale, if you do it correctly, you'll get the whole refreshing of all those muscles at the same time, and this promotes enormous force. Therefore you have more velocity, more power."

Vicary coaches tennis players to coordinate exhalation with the racket by having them grunt as they "hit" when they make contact.

The effect is partially psychological; much like the hush, the stasis of the martial artist, it breaks down inhibitions and states an opponent. Of course, the force generated by the fist would propel a backwooded tennis ball over the fence. Still, Vicary thinks the stoke should be

worked into the natural rhythm of the body.

Naturally when we breathe we inhale actively and exhale passively, contracting the chest muscles on the in-breath to fill the lungs, letting go to allow the air to rush back out. To increase endurance while running or cycling, Jon Jackson tinkers with the pattern with a yogic reversal of the process, tightening the belly wall to force air out, actively exhaling. At the same time, using a trick he learned from Judo, he rocks the pelvis forward over so slightly and tucks his chin to stretch the spine. When he releases the spine stretch and the abdominal tightening, the lungs fill by themselves. He calls the technique "aquatic breathing."

One afternoon, while running along the beach, I tried Jackson's add-neck-to-even pattern. I looked into it easily and ran no worse than usual. The next afternoon, I added aquatic breathing to my run and was stunned by the way the rocking and tucking felt as if I were literally pumping air into me. When I began to feel woozy, I switched from a four-out, three-in breathing pattern to a three-out, two-in pattern and ran out of breath before I ran out of road. By the time I stopped I had run half again as far as the day before. Within two weeks my distance had tripled. I'm not impressed," Jackson reminded me. "When you finish and relaxation in balance (breath after breath, endurance is measurably extended."

Some may feel that Jackson's techniques are unusual, but then not all natural responses are healthy. It is natural, for example, to hold your breath during physical activities that require great exertion or great concentration, and that can be very dangerous.

If you hold your breath long enough you could diminish the blood flow to the brain and pass out. If you hold your breath during heavy lifting, the chest constriction actually impedes the blood flow and the resulting fluctuations in blood pressure and heart rate could bring on an irregular heartbeat, the remote possibility of having one a cerebral aneurysm.

"Most people think that intense activity, you're got to hold your breath to tense up," says Jon Lederhouse.

"You see hip movements come in and hold their breath and just chug away to get started, when what they should be doing is starting off very slowly with a very relaxed breathing pattern and then begin breathing more rapidly."

Dennis McGuggage, in her book *The Confused Swimmer*, writes, "Anxiety is only a label we're to avoid breathing." Conversely, anxiety can be lessened or elimi-

nated through deep-breathing techniques—as valuable a skill on the old slopes as is the tennis court or in the boardroom.

Vicary instructs his athletes to lie on their backs with one hand on their bellies and the other hand on their chests as they do relaxation exercises. He asks them to feel their stomachs rise as they inhale and fall as they exhale, breathing deep down as their bellies slowly, regularly, pump in and out. He asks them to associate the resulting feeling of well-being with a cue phrase like "let go." As they learn to bring on the relaxed feeling more easily, they come to an amazing position, using the cue as a trigger.

Yogas would contend that this diaphragmatic breathing is the natural way, and that we unlearn it only as life on the mistakes teaches that good posture means chest out and stomach in.

"Why not so something?" I asked by a fear of losing control and breathing is an involuntary reflex that can be put on voluntary override, then perhaps consciously taking control of breathing brings a sense of overall control. Since chest constriction and shallow breathing are two physiological aspects of panic in the fight-or-flight response, breathing the chain of events by breathing slowly and deeply may short-circuit the process.

And diaphragm, rhythmic breathing brings us back to running. One eminent running doctor told me that running was becoming enough without worrying about breathing and counting. You want to go on automatic as quickly as possible, he said, to let your mind go elsewhere. But then many say exercises that let your mind go elsewhere involve counting breaths. In yoga class I learned to count as I slowly moved all the air out of my lungs, and to exhale just as slowly for exactly half that count. In the hospital also I learned to sit spread-legged on the floor with eyes closed and breathe shallowly and slowly while counting backward from one hundred, repeating each number. The result of either exercise is a relaxed body, a clear mind, and a sense of heightened awareness. So, too, with running. The rhythm of step and breath takes over quickly, the body relaxes, the mind turns inward and then toward all.

After finishing the 1992 Ironman Triathlon competition, Jon Jackson told *Time* magazine, "It's like 140 miles of breath meditation. The last few miles of the run are like champagne bubbles of bliss." It takes my breath away.

STILLBEE: STEVE F. SPAIN/CHRON; "A Tale of Two Cities" appeared in the New York Times

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The Tax Adviser Can I Deduct My Computer?



The tax adviser in this column comes from Eugene Schore, a partner at the accounting firm of Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co.

The home-computer industry has just lost its most powerful advertising slogan: "Daddy, it's deductible." It seems that the high price tags on home computers' technical accessories of taxpayers to try to write off their newly acquired electronic gadgetry as essential for a business or income-producing activity. But Congress has never quite convinced that millions of people were actually slaving over it company reports and analyses after hours and on weekends, so it has included a stiff provision in the

new tax bill that restricts the generous tax deductions for computer users who buy computers to work at home.

The situation has changed dramatically for people who use their home computer only to manage their personal investments and for employees of large companies who like to do some of their work at home. Now neither group can claim any business deduction. If you use an IBM at work and at home for your home job to produce tax returns, the IRS will not be sympathetic. And if you use your home computer for business more than half the time, the expense has to be depreciated over twelve years.

The rules remain largely un-

changed for the self-employed who used computers for their work, although they will be under much closer scrutiny and may well need an accountant to help them file their taxes. Under the old rules, the full cost of the computer could be deducted if it was used solely for business purposes; the write-off was proportionately less if the machine was used by the individual. That meant up to \$5,000 of the expense could be deducted right off the top, with the balance depreciated over five years. Some employees may even have been able to write up an investment tax credit.

Those days are over. For purchases made after June 13, a business tax deduction for a home computer will not be allowed unless you buy it for your own business or company or are required to perform your employment duties. A letter from your employer might be helpful. Congress has reintroduced the flood of correspondence and included several compliance provisions that make it necessary to monitor home computer use to substantiate that the computer is employed at least half the time for business purposes. A taxpayer claiming a business deduction has to maintain a divided log reflecting personal and work-related use and carry it in writing to a tax preparer that the log is being kept.

It's time to make ready for the auditor. If you are an employee, the business tax deduction is audit bait, and while

ILLUSTRATION: PETER CO.

a letter of support will be of help if the IRS challenges your return, it is not a guarantee that you are safe with this provision. IRS agents do not have to accept the employer's word at face value, and there is one question on accountants are already expecting auditors to repeat often: "Why not just stay late at the office?"

—Eugene J. Connel
Jr., Partner

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See Reader Service Card for page 102

Money Terms

"UNFAIR AND UNLAWFUL" sounds almost too unusual for its actual meaning—the phrase would fit more comfortably into the world of high finance than the world of high finance. This version, letters from Perry to the showing (some formerly wealthy) things in mortgage financing. I, actually, am concerned with a sort of financial literacy of advantage financing. The professional mortgage is really a sort of "mortgage with a mortgage." Say you want to sell your house. You find the right buyer, you get the right price. The only trouble is that the bank offers your buyer less at a painfully high interest rate. Now this is one of those dread deal-breakers! But if you use a little creative financing, in fact, the wraparound mortgage. You agree to continue to make payments on your mortgage through the life of the mortgage, while obtaining a second mortgage in your favor. Your buyer's mortgage is for the difference between the outstanding balance on your loan and the current sale price, less the buyer's down payment. Thus the buyer gets part of the financing of your original lender's interest rate. You sell your house. And in that thinking would that exists only better means of economics, everybody's happy—for the time being. —David Wolf

39%, and the warrants, accordingly, stood at 10, Beach or 2, Nabob 1.

Although the could cost more make a handsome profit of \$800, he decided to stand pat—if he could hold on for three weeks, he would qualify for the tax benefits of long-term capital gains treatment under the old law—and left on a business trip.

But when he returned, News had already begun to fall again. "I was hung over from a bachelor party, and I just said 'Screw it, I don't have the stomach for it today,'" my brother says. He looked at the little profit he made, was often up by commissions for his broker. "I didn't get a 2nd Street suit," he says. "I didn't even get Paul Stuart socks."

The result of the story is that today I owned my IRA too CATS," my brother says. "Treasury bonds. Fixed returns, guaranteed payout in 2004."

"The public has no business investing in the stock market," says the rabbi. The average return on the market over the last twenty years is 6.8 percent, and that includes dividends. Unless you have an edge, why bother? Everybody thinks they have an edge. Just when you had an investment idea that works, then by definition it won't work. Would you want to play football without pads?"

Well, maybe. Surely somewhere among the eight million investors in that Naked City was another investor who put \$2,000 into One A warrants for another Blue issue, Genetic Systems, in September of 1983. That's when they reached their low of \$1. As the stock skyrocketed, he increased his warrants in late January 1984 and ended up with nearly \$100,000 worth of stock. By the time anyone noticed he wasn't wearing pads, he was doing—by the end of the year. —Paul Attanasio

Real Estate

Some Like It Cold

still, they're a popular second home. To get one will cost you more than a cabin on a secluded lake, but judging from these photos, it's worth it.
—Reported by Joey Gluck

This home is part of the Maxwell development, two colonies from Aspen—where Robert Maxwell recently paid an estimated \$2 million in cash for his old house. A Miami physician and his wife purchased this one for \$242,000 in cash. It's a view for the money in cooking windows offer a panoramic view of all four Aspen ski areas and beyond. Each of the three master bedrooms makes a large bath, a fireplace, and a sitting area, and there is a smaller guest bedroom/bath suite. A large red-brick fireplace is the centerpiece of the living room. The owners plan to live here year round when they retire.

This house is part of the Whycosm town house cluster in Portland, Maine. The development is run like a condominium project. Residents pay a monthly fee for the upkeep of the grounds and the recreation center. The house has three bedrooms and a master bedroom suite with a fireplace and bath. The kitchen, dining room, and entry floor are finished in natural Mexican tile, and there are hand-painted glass chandeliers in the kitchen and living rooms. A Hawaii couple who own a top-rated chain bought the house for \$229,000 in cash. They plan to pay about \$150,000 to \$160,000.

A weekend capitalist and his family bought this house, with a 5.6-acre lot, for \$200,000. He spent an estimated \$500,000 to buy the two adjoining lots and to finish the house. The house is solar in design with a full view of Mount Mansfield. The living room has a fireplace with an exposed brick chimney. On the main floor, the master bedroom suite has a bath with a Jacuzzi, and there are three bedrooms and two baths. The finished basement includes a wine cellar, a large laundry and linen area, and a sauna. The house is located ten minutes from the village of Stowe and the lifts.

idea seems to have been the purpose. Further



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SMART MONEY

The Strategist How to Draw the Line



early designed to a staff of four is now often managed by one beleaguered executive. This leads to broken dates, postponed vacations, lost weekends, and a deterioration of the successful professional's personal life. Those who want out have to maintain a healthy private life. However, you can get the job done too. They may even reach the highest branches of the corporate tree.

Larry is happier now in a senior post with a salary that puts him in balance, but he has elevated his salary cap. He was not the kind of man who could be a success without his wife, children, friends, home, travel money—all the normal accoutrements of a human existence.

So he shouldn't have tried. He should have left that in the other hand of executive, the hand who tends to go just a little higher, a little faster. Attractive, personable, organized beyond belief, these are individuals who don't need to draw a line because there is no boundary. They are the corporate rats of the future, and it rewards them with cash, awesome perks, and low-stress power and responsibility.

Time they seldom get home for dinner. The web hours, when the only noise heard is the joltless hum of the office sound-making systems—that

is their private time, when they are alone with what they love. I believe they are happier there—where other men would be dreaming madly of the stalled chicken they were raising on all the good brands sitting around drinking. Love without them.

But if a two-hour session with the chairman about his upcoming presentation in Minneapolis is not your idea of recreation, you're going to have to draw the line consistently, if not occasionally. (I) deliver the goods between nine and five, and (II) repeat the excessive demands of corporate culture at all other hours.

Yet even if you follow these seemingly simple rules, you're not home free. Recognized as a competent player within and outside the corporation, you are able to rise so in the corporate culture and take part in the grand myth weaving, hobnobbing, and schmoozing it entails. Where before you were expected to do your work and disappear, suddenly you are encouraged to hang around at seminars, to yammer about office efforts over drinks after work, and to show up at interdepartmental parties and late-night wingman.

When the time comes for you to take a stand, make sure you're on solid ground, that is, the first time around will be the toughest, and you may be greeted with reactions that range from inquisitive to disappointed to downright mad. But before to establish these ground rules only on your way out, you may be surprised at how close to victory you really are.

(I) your superior knows that you are prepared to hang in there during a crisis, and (II) the rest are.

The first time around will be the toughest, and you may be greeted with reactions that range from inquisitive to disappointed to downright mad. But before to establish these ground rules only on your way out, you may be surprised at how close to victory you really are.

Let's say my friend Josh was confronted with a departmental reorganization that brought with it a new boss with new habits. While his previous manager had worked a rigorous tempo from 9:00 to 5:05 with lunch in between, this one performed leisurely mornings, had begun at 10:00, indulged lunchtime as an occasion to doze, and worked a flurry of activity between 4:00 and 7:30 p.m. At the same time, Josh had his wife was having some problems and he felt a tremendous need to spend evenings with her.

"I have a real problem with my work schedule," he told his boss at one of the after-hours sessions that had begun to become a routine. "I'm here by 9:00, I work hard all morning, lunch at my desk, and have everything well in hand by 5:05, unless there's a crisis. It's very important to me to be home at a reasonable time—maybe even more important than my job. If we can't come to some sort of accommodation on this, I'm going to be very unhappy." His boss said nothing, but Josh resumed leaving at his customary hour while doing a first-class job. Two months later he received a promotion.

So when sticking up for yourself isn't always easy, the benefits, if you succeed, are well worth the risks. And if, after all your best efforts, the corporation persists in making you into its slave, start looking for a place that will allow you to thrive on your own terms. Doing anything less is accepting defeat. —Stanley Fine

SMART MONEY

Insurance A Return to Values



My wife owns several pieces of jewelry I think are expensive, though Mr. Taylor might not agree. Since their purchase, we have insured them via an extension to a homeowner's policy known as a personal articles float. So called because your coverage "floats" with the items where ever it goes, float coverage is by category, with each individual item scheduled in as terms of quantity, quality and value. You are insured for all risks except those specifically excluded. The major exclusions are, usually, normal wear and tear, war, and nuclear incidents. Annual premiums are based on a specific percentage of an item's declared value (for example, 50 to 60 per \$100 of value). If the insurance company usually requires a combination, such as a bill of sale or recent professional appraisal.

Most agents and brokers will tell you that float coverage is the only sane way to insure jewelry, furs, fine paintings, and other such valuables. That is because standard homeowner's policies severely limit the amount you can collect for losses for many categories of valuables (\$1,000 total for jewelry and for furs in common), no matter how much actual coverage you have. But what every policy will not know and what few brokers or agents will tell you is that all floats are not created equal. I discovered that I would decide to investigate whether I could use an art jewelry and fur premium by existing companies.

With a float, because your insurance premiums are based on a specific value, you would

assume that, should you have a loss, you would receive that amount. While this is true of most fine-art floats (those covering art and antiques), it is not the customary norm for far and jewelry. If you finance a lot out of jewelry, take up your policy noticed a carefully. If it is like the majority of policies, you will note that it merely establishes that you own such an item and sets the insurance company a maximum liability.

What this means is that the insurance company can, and probably will, pay you less than the declared value should you have a loss. The matter can be fixed for depreciation (particularly important for furs) and has the option to replace an item in kind, or pay you what it would cost them to do so if it does not want to replace it. This

is almost always less than you would pay, because insurance companies can buy wholesale.

While jewelry is not generally thought to depreciate (although watches may), the loss of a lot could provide a nasty shock. Even if you have been paying premiums based on \$50,000 of declared value, you could, given depreciation, end up with considerably less. And what happens if you decide not to replace a lost or stolen item? With a traditional float, you will probably receive less than what it would cost you to replace the item.

It is important that you get back the full sum for which an item is insured, then you need what is called a value bond or value contract policy. Chubb & Son of Warren, New Jersey, is the leader in this field. All

of its floats clearly state: "The amount shown on the schedule is agreed to be the value of the item(s) properly." This means you will receive the full amount in case of loss. Period. Even with late re-depreciation, no arguments. Surely such better coverage must cost a bit more.

In the strange world of insurance, not necessarily. For instance, complete rates per \$100 of jewelry coverage for Manhattan, NY, one of the nation's leading insurance writers, charges its customers a premium of \$2.35. This most is valued contract. By comparison, Chubb's premiums for a value contract is \$2.30, just as another cents more per \$100. Active, another leading insurer, has two rates: \$1.50 for their traditional float and \$1.50 for a value contract.

It is also important to remember that premiums may differ sharply from city to city, and even within a metropolitan city. Company A may charge a higher premium than Company B in New York, yet be cheaper than Company B in Los Angeles. Insurance companies do not offer value contracts for jewelry at all. Chubb is the only company I know of which a value jewelry contract is available. But other insurers do offer the option of value jewelry and for far contracts include Active, Atlantic Mutual, and the Farmers' Fund Insurance Companies. The Hartford Insurance Group will consider a value jewelry contract on a case-by-case basis.

—Peter D. Lawrence

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Financial HOTLINE

The sophisticated new color picture coming out may provide some people with a license to print money—at least, that's what the Treasury Department is fretting about these days. "The counterfeiting threat is coming from advanced color copiers that produce very high quality images," says Peter Gals, deputy director

of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The prospect of copying machines cloning out possible currency has guided the government into looking for ways to toughen up the old greenbacks and make them counterfeits-proof. This "technically superior" currency will probably have a Mylar thread running through the bill, different background tints and shades, and possibly a hologram in place of the Treasury seal.

A new computer dating service matches investors interested in aggressive young companies with fledgling entrepreneurs

seeking well-looked capital. Venture Capital Network, a nonprofit corporation, screens for individual investors to find the entrepreneurs of their dreams, and vice versa. Investors list the type of business that interests them, geographical preferences, and the amount of time and money they plan to sink into the relationship. Entrepreneurs include a two-page summary of their business proposition and a profit and loss statement. For investors, the service is free; the fee for businesses is one hundred dollars for a one-year period (tel.: 602-226-5380). —Joan Gossel

We can help you here and now. Not just hereafter.

See Inside Service Card after page 122

Who Bob Roth isn't or isn't—he can't remember, maybe sketched—when he started his first newsletter from the basement of his home in the Chicago suburb of Arlington Heights. He struggled and suffered up his hands. The only thing he remembers about the publication that contained a recipe for a steak made from Whisk Chops. The newsletter folded after one issue.

So perhaps it wasn't too surprising that when the twenty-four-year-old Roth decided in the fall of 1981 to start another publication—this time an alternative weekly—he could pay lower only about \$3,700 from friends for the first issue...and he didn't even ask his family.

Thirteen years later, the paper Roth started, the *Reader*, is a Chicago institution. Every week 126,000 copies of the tabloid are snapped up within a day or two of delivery. In 1983 the paper grossed \$5.5 million—a 38 percent increase over two years. As one of the largest, most profitable alternative weeklies in the country, the *Reader* has become a prototype for hundreds of would-be publishers nationwide.

Roth's formula for success was deceptively simple. First, the paper was free. Second, the classified ads were free. Third, it was distributed in all the right places—the right boutiques and bars, restaurants and record shops, hardware stores and supermarkets—everywhere the demographic he wanted to be gathered. Finally, the *Reader* often served up stories that you couldn't find in the dailies. Most weeks they were offbeat and unpretentious, and even when they weren't, the extensive news and live-music listings made the paper just about indispensable.

Today Roth, surveying his expanding million-dollar empire from the *Reader*'s six-story headquarters in a converted loft just off the best address in town, North Michigan Avenue, is in

The Entrepreneur

Bob Roth: Rag to Riches



ROTH (LEFT) WITH LISA BLOK, *Reader* assistant publisher

fact, he is now a multimillionaire. In addition to his own company, unconstructed Roth's chunky and bearded, dressed in jeans, a long-sleeved black-colored shirt, and the current equivalent of South Shores. Of his he seems a bit distracted and is prone to sweeping statements such as "You can't be a

able to describe the *Reader*." Actually, Roth modeled the *Reader* after two Boston weeklies—The Phoenix and Boston After Dark (since merged)—and New York's Village Voice (since bought by Rupert Murdoch). But the *Reader* was different. "We never had an editorial, never had a statement of purpose, never endorsed a candidate," Roth says. The paper also steered clear of fiction, poetry, commentary, and anything that smacked of "taste," all of which Roth felt readers could find elsewhere. Writers were paid ten dollars to twenty five

dollars, depending on how well Roth liked the piece.

The first issue, in October 3, 1971, was sixteen pages. The cover feature reported on Maxwell Street, a seedy neighborhood famous in Chicago's West Side, and an anonymous piece on what's like to get an obscene phone call. What low ads there were came from small shopkeepers, a neighborhood Italian restaurant, and a folk-music school. But the first issue created a stir: a regular, the second shortly in twelve pages, and the third in eight. Then the advertising director resigned.

Roth used to find investors "that we were heavily in debt, and nobody would invest. Our writers, who loved the paper, wouldn't invest. Our friends wouldn't invest. Everyone was convinced we were going to fold tomorrow." They didn't, but they did continue to work seventy to eighty-hour weeks.

Roth and his fellow owners each drew a salary of fifty-five dollars a week—not in cash, but in company stock, which was, of course, worthless. Roth made his first money as a salesclerk in a tropical-print store. The circulation director enlisted water beds.

After months of near collapse, Roth finally discovered how to transform the *Reader* into a baby-boomer bible: he added extensive live-music listings and a section of cup-size picture-picture reviews. "There was an other place in town you could find these kind of listings," he says. In the first two years Roth had convinced eight coffee houses to buy a total of \$56,141 worth of stock. Even so, the paper was still \$55,000 in the red. The printer had gradually cut its price from fifty-six thousand to twenty thousand. The *Reader* continued to operate out of Roth's personal checkbook. It was not uncommon, he had no accountant, no bookkeeping system, no lawyers. A generous printer kept extending the paper credits.

Then came things amazing happened. The *Reader*'s audience, mostly baby boomers, graduated from college. And they got jobs. And they started spending money. And advertisers—well, by 1978 the *Reader* was solidly in the black. Now profit margins percolate at 25 percent-plus. An average issue runs 135 pages and is packed with advertisements of the hot-hot-and-hot variety.

Roth is philosophic about his success. He owns 20 percent of Chicago Reader Inc. stock—worth \$11 million by his estimation—but drives a rusty 1979 Volkswagen Rabbit diesel. He and the three other working owners at the *Reader* earn the same salary—"well under \$100,000," he reports. When asked about his net worth, Roth states flatly at the question: "What does that mean?" he asks.

—Paul Winkler

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See Reader Service Card for page 112

Loose Change

The average American is in debt more than \$5,000. • The Japanese owe more than 20 percent of their income, more than any other country. The U.S. owes 8 percent. • It takes one gallon of crude oil to produce materials needed to make twenty credit cards. • The average bank robbery yields about \$1,000. • New York, California, Illinois, Ohio, and Florida are on record as the five states with the greatest number of millionaires. • It is estimated that Americans spend between \$20 and \$25 billion a year to maintain their lawns.

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THE NEW AMERICA

Changing Patterns of Life and Thought in the 1980s

COMPUTER CULTURE

Reading (and Writing) the Software Novel

BY MARTIN MORSE WOOLSTER

A GROUP OF software designers is taking the boldest step in the methods for creating fiction since the invention of printed books more than five centuries ago. Their goal, the "interactive novel," is not to be the printed word, but by the light of a personal computer.

According to their creators, interactive novels have several advantages over traditional novels. The reader can choose from several settings determined by the designer. For example, in the software version of Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*, the reader can have Huck rescue Jim from a riverboat or find an antidote to free him.

Software designer Ann Weid, who wrote the software version of *Huckleberry Finn* for the Wisconsin Classical division of Spinkster Software, tries to keep both with tradition. "You have to keep true to the text," she says. "You can't have Huck Finn fighting noddies."

Novelists are beginning to experiment with the interactive novel. Michael Chrichton, author of *The A-*



Pattern in a computer screen

diagnosis *Scream*, spent a year and a half creating *Amazon*, an adventure in which the user plays the part of an explorer searching for lost cities in South America. Book editor and philosopher Timothy Leary is forming a software production firm that he expects to sell interactive novels beginning this year. Leary has recruited his friends from the fiction, including William S. Burroughs and Terry Southern, to write computer adventures.

Perhaps the most enthusiastic devotees of the interactive novel are science-fiction editors and writers. Software producer Byron Preiss, for example, feels that it is a tool that will give writers more freedom. He is adapting works by Ray Bradbury, Arthur C. Clarke, and others. Jim Stern, president of Bantam Enterprises, a science-fiction

line distributed by Simon and Schuster/Pocket Books, has a publishing schedule that includes programs as varied as *Prize and Paradise*, in which you can play a nineteenth-century western after his first love, and a version of the *ICing*. Twenty-five years from now, Bantam's software is supplemented by hi-tech-back techniques and compact videodisks to create "unlimited color and spectacle within the viewer's mind. They'll be adjusted to a customer's pleasure level, whatever makes you happy."

Whatever the future of the interactive novel may be, its present is that today's primitive tools will be made obsolete.

"We're in the rich, old age of computer software," Jim Stern says. "It's as if we were in 1952, with printed light bulbs, and everyone was asking, 'What can motion pictures do?'"

Bridging TV's Language Gap

By Cliff Koppelman

LAST FALL, THE nation's first television program broadcast simultaneously in English and Spanish hit the airwaves in southern California. Which show bridged the chasm between Anglo and Hispanic cultures? *The Love Boat*. The technology that gave birth to *El Corazon del Amor* is called SAP (Simultaneous Audio Program), part of an FCC-approved package of audio subchannels that enables broadcasters to transmit a simultaneous second-language sound track of a TV show to specially equipped homes. With more than twenty million Americans of Hispanic descent concentrated in major cities like Los Angeles, New York, Chicago, Miami, and San Antonio—about half of whom speak little or no English—SAP's single

line is beginning to appeal to newscasters and advertisers alike. In the Los Angeles area, 27 percent of the total population is Hispanic. KTLA TV, a local independent station, started broadcasting *The Love Boat* in SAP/Spanish in October and will offer more prime time shows later this year. The station also offers its 10:00 p.m. news in simultaneous SAP/Spanish.

Of the three major networks, ABC has led the most groundwork for introducing SAP/Spanish programming on a national basis. In the summer of 1983 the network ran an experiment in dual-language programming called ABC Visto. For three consecutive weeks in June, ABC simulcast a five-episode *PM* radio Spanish language version of two different programs, with encouraging results.

Now television-set manufacturers are betting on the growth of SAP/Spanish, too. In their 1985 line of color TVs, Zenith, General, and Sears are sporting relatively inexpensive "Telepack" SAP models, and Panasonic will soon follow.

Burning Out Burnout

By Robert D. Tricker

ANDREA BORN, a software designer at Tandem Computers in California, and her colleagues and husband, Chris Duke, a manager in software development, celebrated their fourth anniversary with the company by taking a top-week, full-salary leave to travel.

Jersey Jordan, a regional equal opportunity manager for IBM in Boston, is working with over-city youth during a yearlong "social service" leave.

Each of these individuals took what is referred to as a sabbatical—a leave of absence from the job for rest, relaxation, and personal pursuits. Except among college professors, the idea of a "time-

out" longer than a regular vacation has been virtually unknown. But the idea seems to be catching on. A recent survey of survey firms found that 34 percent of the nation's white-collar executives are employed by companies now offering some form of sabbatical program.

"The purpose of a sabbatical is for the person to step away from the role of working long enough to ask, 'What is it I really want to do in life?'" says Richard Bales, author of the best-selling *What Color Is Your Parachute? A Practical Manual for Job-Hunters & Career-Changeers*. "People find out through their work how to become the director of their lives. They want more time off where they can relax while they're still in the work phase."

Seven years ago, James Treybig, president of Tandem Computers, distributed a questionnaire to employees asking what perk they desired most. The results showed of access to a compa-

ny made or even profit sharing, was a substantial program.

For their sabbatical, Tandem's Chris Duke and Andrea Born flew to Sweden. For the next ten weeks (five of which were regular vacation time), they explored the fjords of Norway, the fjordland region of France, and the Pyrenean mountains. "We just didn't think about computers at all," says Born.

For some sabbatical takers the change of scenery impacts career decisions. Gelson Anderson, an engineer at IBM Corporation, realized during his leave off that he no longer enjoyed engineering. "I spent a lot of time thinking about what I did like to do, and discovered that I particularly enjoyed accounting top executives in Tokyo. When I came back, I had a long talk with the V.P. to whom I reported. The next day he asked me if I would be interested in taking over the company's college recruiting program. I didn't have to think about it a second."

Today, Anderson is IBM's director of human resources.

Other companies have adopted variations on the sabbatical theme. Since 1971 IBM has allowed employees to take sabbatical service leaves, with full IBM pay, to volunteer at nonprofit community organizations. More than one hundred IBMers have been loaned to local community organizations, and some five hundred more to educational institutions through the faculty leave program.

What the benefits to the employees—and in some cases to society—seem clear: what do the companies themselves get out of it? The answer, according to several company presidents, is less worker turnover. "Away from the day-to-day experience, employees can reflect on more creative ways to do things in the future," says Treybig. "And, after all, creativity is at the heart of productivity in the high-tech field."

Robertson's dream about puppet dreams be realized at the Eugene O'Neill Theater Center, a nonprofit theater company that the chairman is good. "Don Henson and the Morgan have made the world aware of puppetry." "Mmm... how about Miss Piggy as Margie in *Pig on a Hot Tin Roof*?"

BY DAN RADOL ROSEBERRY, twenty-seven directs the winners of the Nobel Peace Prize Campaign to Dominate New York, coordinating the growing staff, raising money, giving advice. By night, Roseberry also helps the finance industry. But with one personal difference: He often does it with a shirt-sleeved and his eyes have been closed. "I am a very much more enthusiastic who more involved in the business, so I could use his talent to make a working day. I have seen him not red for people, not as a matter of fact, not even as a matter of fact. I have seen him play a government agent who would deliver people on 'how to become rich in a very subtle degree.' He also takes 'Jill' as a Portuguese general, may sell as a really good deal in a 'Punching' box." "Says Rose of his high school companion: 'He helps. When I comes to making a change with people, he's good to have a change there.' —J.R.

Pulling Strings for Love and Peace

By Patricia Westfall

ONE EXPECTS to find off-Broadway playwrights plotting at their craft at the Eugene O'Neill Theater Center, the renowned training arena for young theatrical directing and writing talent in Waterford, Connecticut. So to find part-time playwright Bart Robertson directing, creating, and directing the center's newest plays should come as no surprise...except that his theatrical credentials are entirely in puppetry—Punch and Judy, Koko, Pin, and Little, Big Bird and Oscar. Not until 1971.

Robertson is the director of the Institute of Professional Puppetry Arts, which will soon be admitting its first students. He is also head of his own troupe, Pantomime Puppet Company, which performs primarily for children. But his goal for the new institute is to call professional—meaning adult—attention to puppetry. "Too long, puppetry has been considered children's entertainment only," he says, "so it has not been allowed to grow as an art form."

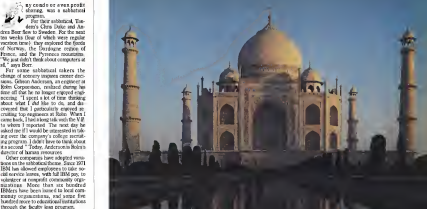
Robertson argues that puppetry, because it is not limited to stock characters and one given lines to fantasy that stage and film can't stage, has enormous potential as art. But it needs the interest of

adults other than puppeteers. "One thing missing right now is literature—people other than puppeteers who will consider writing for puppets." The term offers an extraordinary range of opportunities for an artist, he adds. "It involves dance, music, illustration, architecture, engineering."

The first year of the institute's two-year program dovetails with other theater courses at the O'Neill Center, focusing on acting, directing, voice, music, movement, sound, television techniques, lighting, and, of course, writing. Special courses cover types of puppets and costumes. The second year continues with intensive workshops that build toward new puppetry productions. Among the guest faculty is Margie Blum, who is best known as the creator of Howdy Doody. "But that," says Robertson, "is the least of her accomplishments. She is the matriarch of American puppetry. This institute is great because it will show who has done."

Will Rose and Rose-

BY DAN RADOL ROSEBERRY, twenty-seven directs the winners of the Nobel Peace Prize Campaign to Dominate New York, coordinating the growing staff, raising money, giving advice. By night, Roseberry also helps the finance industry. But with one personal difference: He often does it with a shirt-sleeved and his eyes have been closed. "I am a very much more enthusiastic who more involved in the business, so I could use his talent to make a working day. I have seen him not red for people, not as a matter of fact, not even as a matter of fact. I have seen him play a government agent who would deliver people on 'how to become rich in a very subtle degree.' He also takes 'Jill' as a Portuguese general, may sell as a really good deal in a 'Punching' box." "Says Rose of his high school companion: 'He helps. When I comes to making a change with people, he's good to have a change there.' —J.R.



When Shah Jehan saw the contractor's bid, did he say "Make the pool a little smaller?"

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CHANGES

The Guru of Animal Rights

BY WILLIAM COENBARGER

TOM REGAN is no unlikely radical. He lives with his wife, two children, dog, and cat in a quiet house in Raleigh, North Carolina, the kind of place where his beliefs are commonplace.

But in 1983 Regan, then forty-five, a philosophy professor at North Carolina State University, published *The Case for Animal Rights* and became the intellectual leader of a movement that is successfully getting animals on the moral map. What was previously a ragtag group was galvanized by Regan's two principles: first, that animals are not, as Descartes saw it, "brute-beast brutes," but rather distinct individuals; and thus have moral rights; second, recognition of this means humans to change the way they treat animals by removing meat.

All pigs are created equal.



The Baby-Boom Lobby

BY PHILLIP LINDMAN

A NEW GROUP in Washington calling itself Americans for Generational Equity (AGE) is going to make a bid for the allegiance of younger Americans.

Founder Paul Hewitt, thirty-two, a self-styled moderate Republican, has worked as a policy analyst for Minnesota senator Dave Durenberger for the last four years. Hewitt points to several alarming, broad-scale trends affecting younger Americans. In 1963, for example, there were nearly five times as many children living beneath the official poverty line as there were senior citizens in such need. Indeed, senior citizens as a whole now enjoy higher per capita income than any age group under

forty. Yet under this year's budget nearly 30 percent of all federal spending goes directly to the 11 percent of the population over sixty-five—almost all of that money distributed on the basis of age, rather than need. Fully one-fourth of all social security expenditures, for example, go to members of families with incomes above \$24,000 a year.

"If present trends continue, the children of the baby-boomers are likely to wind up, on average, less educated, less healthy, and poorer than the last two or more generations in American history," says Hewitt. "Unless we now make a much greater economic sacrifice on their behalf, we cannot expect that this small generation behind us will be able, much less willing, to pay the social costs of providing for our retirement."

AGE is planning a National Voter Education Campaign to as-

sert *The Case for Animal Rights*—animals have beliefs and desires, perception, memory, and a sense of the future, including their own future, an emotional life together with feelings of pleasure and pain, preferences and welfare interests, the ability to various actions in pursuit of their desires and goals, a psychological identity over time, and an individual welfare in the sense that, their preferences do have well or ill for them. The rights now in law extend to humans, not even freedom of the individual, not self-defense. It is simply protection, extending only for the sake of justice he sees to include respect for the rights of animals. The animal rights movement is not for the faint of heart. Success requires nothing less than a revolution in our individual thoughts and actions.

are "just to sleep" by human reactions.

Animal rightsists contend that animals ought to be treated well not as a matter of kindness, but as a matter of right—regardless of any one's moral right to have to humans. For this reason, Regan does not believe in compromise—such as more humane slaughter of livestock or cutting back experiments on animals. "What was wrong with slavery," he says, "was the institution itself, not whether the people had a shower after they worked in the fields."

Regan often counsels high school and college students who look at required laboratory experiments on animals, and through his leadership North Carolina State became the first American university to study the effects of recognizing the rights of students to be "conscientious objectors" to such experiments.

How can converts to the cause of animal rights contribute to the movement's downfall? "A good first step is waning interest," Regan says. "This allows our determination to remove the dead weight of tradition and habits from our back, and to help shoulder the burden of the work against the wrong."

form younger Americans about issues affecting their own prospects for retirement, and plans to lobby for a significant reduction of the federal budget deficit. Hewitt points out that, if current interest rates remain in effect, every dollar the federal government borrows today will wind up costing members of the baby boom more than twenty-eight dollars in debt service alone. Eventually the organization hopes to evolve into a major public interest group lobby, with a research division and congressional liaison staff.

"The message we want to get across," says Hewitt, "is that all these big issues of the national debt and entitlements really come down to questions of family values. What are our financial responsibilities to our children, upon whom we will ultimately depend in retirement?"

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FUTURE TENSE

The Whole Tooth

THE NEW AMERICAN CONSCIOUSNESS
BY BOB ROSENBAUM

I AGREE it sounds a bit paranoid when you first hear the term "holistic dentistry." Even a sympathetic observer of the new age such as myself might be tempted to make some wisecracks about the wholesale "holing" at every phrasemaking of life. But this is not a joke. There are dedicated people, the new breed of holistic dentists. Well, some of them are. You have to understand there are at least two schools of holistic dentistry, with very different aims of emphasis. One I think may deserve skepticism, another, I'm afraid, might have a serious case to make.

Let's dispose first of the questionable side, the temperomandibular joint dysfunction, or TMJ disorder. TMJ is the dental profession's version of one-stop-shopping to cure all your ills. Its supporters claim that misalignment or poor alignment of the temperomandibular joint (the hinge at the back of the jaw) is at the root of a whole lot of disorders. They assert that any correcting prosthesis of the centrality of TMJ adjustment is key to human health. If you want the advice of the Connoisseurs, stay away from this expertise and probably unnecessary procedure until there is some clinical evidence.

But not all holistic dentists have fallen into the TMJ trap. Some have an inner truth that could be the Watergate of the dental

profession: mercury poisoning from the fillings in your teeth. I know this sounds outrageous, perhaps, of the people who wonder the stars taking out lead to themselves and complaining that they have implanted mind-control devices in their fillings. But the mercury-silver amalgam controversy is real.

As we know, the FDA and state health authorities frequently step in to ban the consumption of swordfish and other seafood with mercury levels in excess of a few parts per billion. And yet, by comparison, many of us have tons of mercury in our mouths.

When I lost a filling recently, my dentist told me he was not going to replace it with a mercury-silver amalgam but with a porcelain alternative called P-30. He explained that holistic dentists believe P-30 is something like it will soon replace mercury as every new dental in America—as soon as the dental profession wakes up to mercury's danger.

After my appointment I dug up on the subject. The *Journal of Orthodontic Psychology* told me that "amalgam is an unstable alloy and consequently gives off mercury in the form of gas, ions, and dissolved particles." The paper calculates that a daily dose of 250 micrograms of mercury enters the body's systems from an average mouth with many fillings. (The maximum permissible concentration in industry is only fifty micrograms per day.) "The majority of people might have sufficient resistance to mercury to have amalgams without becoming allergic," the article says. "However, mercury kills cells which are not renewed, especially nerve cells.... No dentist can guarantee that a patient

will not come to harm."

What are we to make of this? The American Dental Association has long claimed that the mercury-amalgam amalgam cannot be absorbed by the body. But there seems to be serious controversy here. Holistic dentists claim the ADA will soon be forced to change its position. Until the controversy is resolved, the holistic dentists' alternative of P-30 seems to be a reasonable compromise.

I'm sorry to get you worrying about poison in your teeth. But I'm glad it's not the only one worrying about it now.

General Patents

A MONTHLY
CRONICLE OF INTERNATIONAL
INVENTEDORS

By Martin Marie Hoadler



less wooden vapors. If the subbed flips over, a quick release is attached to the clamps so that you and the board can part ways painlessly. (Patent 4,466,373)



Stealing your dinner doesn't have to lead to scolding your thinking, thanks to Helene and Robert Lee of Prince George, British Columbia. The Lees' "bolter preventer" consists of a concrete metal cover that attaches to a magnetic web at the end of three clamps. The clamps keep the cover open at night, thus making sure your Cohen black bean soup doesn't leave your stove top looking like the asphalt jungle. (Patent 4,464,784)



Do your tape cassettes sound a little worn after you lend them to friends? French inventors Louis Chevalier and Jean Goudart have patented a device that counts the number of times a cassette is played, or stops the cassette after a number of plays. Never again will your friends turn a tape of "Shake, Rattle & Roll" into "Swish, Gush & Splash." (Patent 4,465,584)

ILLUSTRATION: MARIE HODLER

PHOTOGRAPHY: TERRY CARACALONE

AUSTIN REED BRITISH STYLE



The Englishman's orientation for history and heritage is evident in his architecture, antiquarian of his choice in clothes. For as very Englishman will tell you, no mother as much love well one from as how withally one attends to his clothing. Perpetuating the propriety the English adhere to daily, Austin Reed of Regent Street presents a collection in celebration of decorum and good taste.

REGISTER TO WIN... a trip for 2 to the former British colony, the Caribbean island of Antigua. No purchase necessary. Details at the store featuring Austin Reed nearest you.



AUSTIN REED
of Regent Street

ANTIGUA TRIP
Prizes awarded by random drawing. © 1993

Evidence

of the new America can be seen aloft from New York architect Aron Bahari's window. BY BOB HOLLAND



But what you may be seeing from Aron's Park apartment is the full power of success at postbox Vermont's Golden Mountain. Every end with the park of industry. Bahari calls it a urban dream. The creation of an image, using a geographic, against an adjacent, made or natural surface.

He developed the business, who he will market, when his view of Central Park was shared off by an apartment building. When business is an "expression of how one the interior," he says, and its possibilities are endless. So watch those urban views carefully. They may just take out of concrete



Who says you can't have it all?

Not Jere O'Brien, who devotes long hours to his job as a real estate developer, yet still finds time to indulge his passion for fishing on his lunch hour.

"On the weekends I try to get out on the bay for some serious fishing, but during the week this really helps keep me sane."

Jere wants it all in life and in the beer he drinks. He demands super-premium taste and a less-filling beer. That's why he drinks Michelob Light.

Why should you settle for anything less?

You can have it all. Michelob Light.

T.J. Rodgers was born to win, trained to conquer, but is he fit enough to survive?

Professional success was not among the favored values of the late 1940s. It was a time when decisions were bottom-line. Some men threw away their small insurance gains, way to social Darwinism. Those who joined together in fights the system have now joined the system to fight for success. In a crowded marketplace not everyone can win, but entrepreneur and engineer T.J. Rodgers at one who won't easily lose.

by Frank Rose

In the Grip

It was 6:42 A.M. on the last Monday in September when T.J. Rodgers pulled into the lot at Cypress Semiconductor. This was day one of workweek thirty-nine, the last work of the quarter—a week when the whole company would have to have won to meet its projected revenue goal. The eight-year-old concern was only in its third quarter of production, and this quarter's goal was triple that of the one before. T.J.'s job was to make it happen.

At thirty-one, T.J. Rodgers—the initials stand for Thurman, John—is one of the youngest semiconductor presidents in the United States. Twelve years ago he went campaigning for George McGovern, at a time when everybody was saying they wanted to change the world, now he's doing it, in ways not even he could have anticipated. For a career at the heady line-enterprise crosby of Silicon Valley has convinced him that the best way to change the world is to generate possibilities, to get people to work, to make money.

T.J. slipped his battered red Honda Accord into an empty parking space. The construction cranes were already at work across the road, gouging foundation pits into the cotton fields for new high-technology ventures. Week by week, month by month, the onion fields and the lettuce fields of San Jose were disappearing, just like the grape orchards and the apricot orchards of Sunnyvale before them. The land was worth more for high technology; it was a law of the market. And the less efficient

FRANK ROSE is
author of the book
*Exiles and the
Lost Heart of the
World*, recently published
by Bantam Books.

or angle or luck of the new remains would disappear too, bulldozed just like the main fields. Again, it was a law of the jungle. The law of the market was the law of the jungle. Only the fit would survive.

It was one of the fit. He wanted to make sure his company would be too. It was when it came before the end of the graveyard shift. Still time to see how his assembly workers had made out over night. He slammed the car door and strode into the low-slung concrete building. Behind him the horns blared of the Dubai Range were playing within the drive.

Cypriot Semiconductor makes sensors devices—tiny slivers of silicon crisscrossed with microscopic circuitry that store data for scientific instruments and state-of-the-art microprocessors. While "chiplet factories" like National Semiconductor and Nippon Electric slug it out mass-producing the latest technology chips that go into handheld calculators, laser personal computers and pocket calculators, new notes like Cypriot have been popping up to do all niches in the marketplace that are too small or too advanced for the big players to handle. Cypriot operates on the outer limits of high technology, manufactured using tiny "scratch pad" machines with optical lenses, 1.5-micron diameter (that's a two-hundred-thousandth of a meter) and accuracy lines as low as ten nanometers (a billionth of a meter)—as small as that, but as nothing in existence. As T.J. likes to say, he's almost doing things that all his kids.

As for three generations of Cypriots, he hangs on the outskirts of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, he was paying money with a neighbor lady for money; at night it was poker with the lady; at night it was poker with the lady; at night it was poker with the lady. He had a serious side as well, one he seldom shared with other people because it rarely had to do with making and electronics. That was where he came from his job selling used cars and find the sorters hanging out of the windows or the colleagues rugged up just and tuck. His room took most of the credit for this. During the war she'd been in WIDE—Women Instructors in Radio Electronics, a group of female technicians, managers, and T.J. responded well to her coaching.

Sometimes he brings up and his face pale men, with unpredictable results. There was the wife he considered on the lake. There was the radio transmitter he put together to save the high school principal after he tried to kill him. Learning it was a sides. And then there was the time he accidentally blew up the chain link at Oak Knoll High. He was supposed to be working on a science project, but actually he was making a bomb. There's a place. One of the best weeks found he was sitting around school with a friend's generator offering a new replacement of his bike up in your face. It was his last one.

The Valley was full of engineers who had staked their lives on a dream and gotten bounced because they couldn't handle the reality.

T.J. was also a star linebacker on a state championship football team, and so after high school he went to Dartmouth—a school with no football scholarships but with plenty of money for travel athletes. He liked the place, despite its scary Eastern ways ("T.J.R. V"), he suited himself home—Burlington North Country hockey stadium, and its rough-and-ready social life. Games Debs Cio was a real animal house—grain-alcohol punch in ribs, gross-out stunts for the kids, parties on the floor—and T.J. quickly evolved into a class. Dartmouth meant, but he was also the Ben Kopp the rougher two graduate of the class of 79 a double major in chemistry and physics, member of two fellowships in Stanford, Rick Judd, also found that was what he'd learned at Dartmouth.

It was fast becoming a corporate mission at Cypriot. Another corporate mission was, Galy he had. That was the watch word of his hiring policy. In upstairs meetings the company had just been seeing people in T.J., and one of them from the shipping clerk to the design engineers, had been the best T.J. could find. His competitors were not so thrilled since he was hiring away their key people. In his other area, sales, he was hiring a team of salesmen, Cypriot's hiring policy, early one morning and found T.J. liked to think of people as his. There were the others, who take the look deeper than just and put up on light, the boss, who put up a fight but wouldn't get carried in and the trust, who saw one half the time. These letters were his most-favorite players.

Certainly it was opportune to have the right team. There'd been an explosion at new semiconductor ventures since 1985, and a lot of crossed intense competition for highly trained, experienced, engineers and technicians alike. They were also a few options for untrained individuals until joint people who were eager to learn. For

those who didn't measure up, there was no place at Cypriot at all.

It was 7:45 a.m. when T.J. got out of assembly, the yield meeting was already in progress. Yield was crucial factor in the success or failure of workweek there. The term refers to the number of newly tested semiconductor that actually work—many, he told, maybe two-thirds of the several hundred chips that have just been in a house, which enter a four- or five-inch silicon wafer. Yield test is one of the most closely guarded secrets in the semiconductor industry, and one of the most sensitive. High yield means more product, less waste from the expensive, unpredictable process of wafer fabrication.

Semiconductor manufacturers require providing daily with the current status of quality mechanics. If you bounce a Ping-Pong ball against a wall, the chance of its going through is practically nil, but at the quantum level, Ping-Pong balls pass through walls all the time. To order these microscopic particles so that they can carry information as dependably as letters on a page is a highly unusual act. The law of entropy teaches that chaos is the natural state of the world. T.J.'s whole life has been devoted to defying this law—at the quantum level by manufacturing semiconductor, at the human level by organizing all these people to work together. Yield was one way of keeping score.

Yield was also what would determine whether the cost for this matter could actually be met. At the moment, requests from the quarter were less than half what the business plan called for. And yet there were nearly enough orders to meet the plan at the remaining week—if yield were good. If the numbers remained at the delivering plant, T.J.'s continued enough chips that worked. If not, there was no way.

"I've got to go to another meeting," T.J. said. "Will you guys tell me what happened over the weekend? What are the numbers?"

T.J. happened completely calm except for a tiny rippling motion at the muscles at the back of his jaw. The daily screen was showing tiny wrinkles there, a motion that were not incorporate on the face of a hawk, young businessman who had 320 million of other people's capital—and who stood to become a millionaire himself if his gamble paid off.

"It didn't look too good," said a young engineer with Texas drawl, the smile of a lot of numbers.

"So it's erratic yield? Run hundred, five hundred, then zero on the other side?"

"When I was here last night they ran five zero and one four hundred," the Texas engineer said. "But, I don't know if they were sorting clearly results or."

"Do you don't know yet?" T.J. looked through a pair of high-speed

NORTH BEACH
FAR AWAY

THE DOLLARS

as the stuff of T.J. Rodgers's Silicon Valley success, the way to make them fit, hard, and imperceptibly acceptable.



Let it keep their backs up.

And in this corner...

The new Mustang GT.

This is one powerfully built machine. On demand, a 94-hp High Output V-8 engine delivers 201-horsepower.* No brag. Just fact.

Restyle. Equal parts of power and control.

Mustang GT's got what it takes to control the instinct of power. Quick-rite rack and pinion steering for handling precision. Gas-filled shocks and struts on a Quadra-Stock performance suspension. Variable rate springs, stiffer bushings and

anti-dive bars for added stability in the straights, confidence in the curves. And on 15" alloy wheels, P225/50R15 Goodyear Gatorback. The same tires that hook the 95-g. burner in slaloms.

Internal control.

When a performance car changes directions, the car should move, not the driver. That's why Mustang GT comes equipped with articulated driving seats. They adjust to fit a wide

variety of body styles comfortably, securely. And for your information, they feature an instrument panel whose analog gauges not only sure how much, how many, how fast.

Best-Built American Cars.

Quality is Job 1. A 1994 survey concluded that Ford makes the best built American cars. This is based on an average of problems reported by owners in the prior six months on

1991-1993 models designed and built in the U.S.

Lifetime Service Guarantee.

See your participating Ford Dealer for details. When it comes to performance, Mustang GT does it right. And left.

We've had our fun. Now it's your turn. *Mustang*

Have you driven a Ford... lately?



en doors into the manufacturing hell of the building. There, in a glass-walled room known as the mortuary, a bank of machines was printing on why etched wafers with needles and squaring ink on the dies that didn't respond. "I turned to the yield chart, which was hanging like a display on the wall."

As he scanned the numbers his jaw began to relax for the first time that morning. There'd been some problems, sure, but the news wasn't as bad as it seemed. On most runs the yield was consistently high. "I jiggled. He held a bet with L. J. Sevin, the Dallas venture capitalist who'd chairmaned his board, that they'd make their quarter. There was still a chance he could win. The current prediction was that the company would end the quarter shipping \$9,000 over the mark—if any of fifteen probable disasters didn't strike before the end of the week.

Aside from losing his bet and disapproving all his employees' eating, customers would happen if they didn't fail it. Their goal was triple the goal for last quarter—and they'd only switched on the bonding plant two months before. The bankers would understand. Other semiconductor start-ups take a year to turn in a new lot, run extensive reliability problems, suck up millions of dollars. And end up with new management. The Valley was full of engineers who had traded their lives on a dream and gotten bounced out because they couldn't handle the reality. That chance as T.J.'s contract, the site that he could be fired from his job as president of his own company, fired at any time without cause—that was a standard clause for a Silicon Valley start-up. Right now his company was performing well beyond expectations. He made the money. It was a position he wanted to maintain.

That evening, after an eleven-hour day, T.J. had to go to the Semiconductor Industry Association's Fall Forecast Dinner at the Marriott in Santa Clara. Lyman Brothers, the New York brokerage house, had invited him to a pre-dinner cocktail party, a party at which almost all the guests would be presidents of promising new semiconductor companies that looked just possible—companies just like Cypress. T.J. soon found himself again with a well-scrubbed young stock analyst and trading around about Jerry Sanders, the biggest of his friends.

Jerry Sanders is the president of Advanced Micro Devices, the fast-growing company in the semiconductor industry. A freckled man who owns a Bel Air mansion, a Malibu beach house, and a couple of Rolls-Royces, he is known as "Bo" T.J. visited. "But there you go. Hey, every semiconductor president I've ever talked to says the same thing about Jerry. The guy does a hell of a job, but I don't like the son of a bitch. As long

"We had a little bit of social awareness," T.J. said. "After Kent State they held classes to talk about social responsibility and all that nonsense."

as we understand the rules, that's fine. He'd stick me in five years as close as I could, but he can't—because I've got big guys behind me." This was a reference to the venture capitalists on Cypress's board. "So he knows me close only because he has to, and I know him close only because I can't get as close as I'd like to. And that's okay. But one of these days we'll ride up his village. We'll burn his hair, we'll rape his women, and we'll dance on the bones of his children!"

They're doing pretty well," the analyst observed guardedly.

T.J. nodded. "Jerry Sanders runs the best semiconductor company in the United States."

"Why do you think that is?"

"Because Jerry Sanders is a salesman and a businessman. He's just an engineer. He brings back the reality of the marketplace. If you don't ship the RAM, it's your sin—which is the way it is. You can make all the excuses about so-and-so getting victims or whatever, but honestly, the customer puts out the bond. The RAM falls into the hand, or you lose. Somebody else gets the order like Nippon Electric. And Jerry Sanders is brutal enough to bring them right back into his company. I'm trying to do that too. Like, I dump on people rightly. They understand that he's better."

Life as a sales, that's the third reason at Cypress, along with Word hard, play hard and dirty like hell. This one was something he learned at his first job, at a place called American Microsystems, where he worked until eleven o'clock every night for five years turning out state-of-the-art memory chips and living misery. The chips were manufactured by a process he'd developed at Stanford, a precursor of CMOS called VMOS. Really, what he was about was VMOS wouldn't make it, he left American Microsystems, tried and failed to start his first venture, and joined AMD—where, he was recruited to do decent, slower versions of the same chips were being sold quite successfully. Until then he'd always assumed, like most Americans of his generation, that life was not right to be—basically fine. Now he knew that the best you could do was stay in position to get shaken.

Sanders took the podium after dinner and announced that at Chase this was the Year of the Rat. "If you know anything about the Chinese zodiac," he said, "you know that there are two lucky years—the Year of the Rat and they represent wealth and power. It means that in the Year of the Rat it's easy to make money."

"Now, I'm not going to read the literature a thunder, but I will point out that AMD has grown year to date more than 100 percent. Of course, I'd like to point out that that's because I was born in the Year of the Rat. You're not supposed to draw the conclusion that I'm a rat. What you are

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Sweetheart, Sweetheart, Sweetheart.

If there's a song in your heart for your true love, why not let Godiva sing it. Is there a more elegant ballad? An exquisite melody of dark or light chocolates makes delightful harmony with delectable chocolate or orange cream fillings. A tribute to our noteworthy Belgian heritage. So let a gift of Godiva's chocolates sing what your own heart would. Your true love will need no further assurance of your sweet attentions.



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supposed to know it that every five or six—every sixty years, which means once in a normal person's lifetime—you have the Year of the Golden Ring. And believe it or not...this is it! We're unstoppable! So, follow these holders..."

The room erupted with laughter. T.J. burst.

After Sanders came the forecast, which was indeed dry, and then an appearance by the Valley's two congressmen, and then a brief question and answer session. Finally the King offered a parting thought. "Just remember," he said, "that this need come you meet them the average Calaveras comes in a month."

A ripple of uneasy laughter crossed the floor.

"Good!" Sanders squealed. "That was great! But this life is cruel!"

Planned (often) and a nervous shuffle. What was the King up to this time? T.J. asked.

"And if you don't believe me—wait a year!"

The news at Tuesday morning's ship review was good: there was high yield oil under that had come out of life over the weekend, and in some of the next weeks as well. That meant there were more than enough units to fill existing orders by the end of the week, assuming they could all be assembled, tested, and shipped in time. But something was bound to go wrong somewhere, and since it looked like there'd be incursions on a couple of products, the sales department volunteered to get some last-minute orders. T.J. took his daily long-range run through the oil fields and returned, fresh and relaxed, for a meeting with a woman from a San Jose ad agency who wanted him to do a testimonial for the real estate developer who was coming out of the oil fields as Calaveras's wife of the sand into a high-tech industrial park.

That evening T.J. returned home to find his wife and a friend celebrating a birthday in the kitchen with a bottle of Pinot Noir. He walked into the kitchen and smiled at one name: Louis Woodward. "This is the real stuff," he declared. "The thing I like about it is it's got a lot of earth, it's got a real thick body and a lot of kick in the rear. You want some, Kathleen? You want some cheap stuff?"

Back in Oakland, T.J. and Kathleen had been high school sweethearts fourteen years ago, when he graduated from Dartmouth and she from Marquette. T.J.'s gotten married, but after nine years together they'd split up. For the last five years T.J. had lived in the Midwest, one month ago, when she decided to move back. Divine came, too. T.J. expected the glasses of Pinot Noir in the sink. Kathleen ignored it. "It's okay," he said.

"Are you sure you're that bored?" she asked. T.J. dropped his chipped glasses

into the sink, the beginning of a clam since he was making to go on the second shift that was running on the counter. "The school of Calaveras is the school of the wine; they age the vintage—those are chile mums," he continued. "They were day during those times. The chile was exported to Rome."

"This is France!" Divine asked. Wine wasn't such a big deal at the Midwest. Rose at Woodside, in the golden hills between Silicon Valley and San Francisco, it seemed to be all people talked about. Aside from semiconductors and homes, of course.

"Nothin' but wine district of France."

"That's where we'll go for our next vacation," said Kathleen.

"When we were in France we never went to Paris," T.J. boasted. "We just went to Burgundy, one vineyard after another. We had a great time."

Divine made a dry noise.

"We weren't drinking that much," he said. "After you leave Dartmouth your drinking goes down exponentially. When you're at Dartmouth you're an eighteen-year-old student and you reach a toxicity level that would be fatal to the average thirty-five-year-old."

"That's true," Divine remarked. "I once dated a bookish alcoholic that came out of the Dartmouth psychology department. I was called *Longshore* for God."

T.J. laughed. "The infirmary at Dartmouth was called Dick's house. It was named after a guy named Dick who died and his parents had a lot of money. On big weekends you'd see people being wheeled in, stretchers, they'd get out—look at this one. He pushed up his shirt sleeve to reveal a paged scar on his forearm."

"I had a disappointment one night at the infirmary. I was wearing my weekend uniform, which was a white button-down, long-sleeved, clean-lined jacket. Our group was called the Debauched Hospitars, after a strange, kinky sex novel which was written in the 1930s. I had a big heart on the back of my jacket with letters written on it and I had a great time on my back, and my roommate lent me his back, which, as I had an extra chair at the bedside. We'd go down for the parties where the girls would come in from South and Mexico."

"Yes, like *Animal House*," and Kathleen. "I lived through it."

"The uniforms never got washed. After four years they could stand up. We'd go buy cans of tuna fish and we'd take the oil and give ourselves a nice little jelly-roll massage. We'd sit in a nice hot tub and give a little oil in the chest area. Then we'd go to the nurses and these little honeycombs with fists and star-shaped marks would be there to see the Dartmouth animals, and they would not be ready for what the real Dartmouth animals were."

"That was the Sisters?" Divine was in-

troubling. "It sounds like the Sisters are or at Dartmouth."

T.J. reached into the cupboard for the champagne bottle and poured it into the flute, tiny and tender and overflowing, the best. The champagne was arranged in orderly rows, close and capers and carousals and 1946. Moosehead and Dos Equis and Anchor Steam beer, chimes and poems and goodberries and merriments, all in a straight line, labels facing out. It represented one more hour in his never-ending war against entropy, one more victory for order.

"We had a little bit of social awareness," he said as he strained champagne into his goblet. "After that State they held classes to talk about social responsibility and all that nonsense."

"The Dartmouth invasion was a legend," Kathleen reminded him. Despite his years of MIT, he hadn't always talked like this. He'd been against Vietnam. He'd put on blue jeans and a head-embroidered work shirt and campaigned for McGovern with her 72. But since then his attitudes had changed. It had been when he was in grad school, when he realized that you can't give money to any one, cause if you don't make any first. Discovering that life in a war had only hardened him. He'd gone from Jerry Brown and Jimmy Carter to Ronald Reagan. Governor Mearns, he called Brown now. Jimmy the Worm. The Seventies embarrassed him.

"Anyway, we were having this little wrestling match at the first house and this guy offered me and I was, as my father would say, running on seven cylinders. I took a big mouthful of punch at ten and he looked long before the punch got there and I snuffed my hand through a window. I got into that house and we've got some Harvard need there seeing people up. I was in it like *Amityville*. I was like, 'This guy just someone in me and I couldn't feel a thing, but I'm running and grunting, and I had this little Southern belle and she's going, 'He's gonna die! He's gonna die!' Then I hop up, go back to the library, continue the party. That was Dartmouth, circa 1968. But it was just on weekends, I did not drink. I only studied during the week."

He worked hard and he played hard, Kathleen remarked. "It's two ends of the continuum."

"But Dartmouth, when you get down to it, was really good training," T.J. reflected. "It got you ready."

"Yeah," Kathleen gave her remote a side and took another sip of champagne. "Well, I know. I was an excellent swimmer, and I guess that's the role of the game. No holds barred. You're supposed to be constantly beating the next guy. I guess it's warlike—usually acceptable warlike."

The class year had been reduced by two thirds. T.J. grinned and splashed some more into his glass.

Sometimes a man can fight too hard. Sometimes a mother can love too much.

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unemployed, or at least under-employed. He's almost dirty-as-usual, well educated (a master's degree) and well traveled (two years on the academic staff at the University of London, six years traveling and working in Asia). So I think that by this stage of his life he would have designed himself some splendidly exotic programs, some white-collar path leading with the perks and privileges left behind in learning and intelligence.

But he hasn't. In the last ten years he's made his living catching fish, pounding nails, parking cars, looking for. This careerlessness is too intelligent to be the by-product of underachievement, too long-term to be simply the foundations of an over-educated grad student set loose on the working world. Martinek's is a deliberately chosen style. "Up to now," he says, "if I ever had a normal job, I'd have considered myself a failure."

What Martinek regrets—and I have met John Martinek in New York, in Los Angeles, in Seattle, in Cleveland—is a disappointment to the young career-oriented professional who can hang up at the nation's urban centers. What could hardly call them a movement, but they do constitute a group that has grown more conspicuous as the yuppie become entrenched as the defining archetype of our age. If it is tempting to compare them to the boomers who popped up in just decades to block the men in the grey flannel suits, the comparison only goes so far: scratch a Silicon Valley executive and often you'll find a former wildcat, or a pioneer sibling of one. The entrepreneur comes to adulthood in the Fifties didn't want to consider a lot of options. The yuppies are part of a generation that tried too many.

Perhaps at a peak, today's John Martineks tend to be career phobics, then rebels. What happens, they're asking, if the lightest definition of success—success you can ditch, even if you're not quite sure what it means—isn't satisfying? If the surest way often seems to be the surest comes immediately to mind, these might be a whole lot of world waiting to be explored, but if there is one thing that distinguishes this time in the aftermath of a subculture, a feeling that the understate is already known. "I know that the unknown is not a voyage into the unknown but a setting up of boundaries against the undesirable. Or so say its advocates."

At thirty-five, John Martinek has paid some dues, and he's come to some conclusions about his world, the most important of which is this, he is determined not to let the work powder the life. He saw that happen to his parental generation, and perhaps even more so, he is seeing it happen to his own.

Which is why, on the splendid afternoon, John Martinek is surfing in the warm Pacific sun.

A young woman strolls up the beach

His careerlessness is entirely deliberate: "Up to now," says Martinek, "if I ever had a normal job, I'd have considered myself a failure."

toward Martinek, taking an afternoon break from her corporate-walled job in a nearby office.

"How's the sun?" she asks.

"Wonderful."

"Got the day off?"

"Every day, one to five."

"She says, 'That must be nice.'"

Martinek takes a long pull off his beer. "Yes," he says kindly. "Yes, it is."

It's unseasonably chilly when I meet Martinek Tuesday morning at his apartment on San Francisco's Russian Hill. There's a farrier view of San Francisco Bay from his living room, and views are not on his mind today. Work is. The surf's just gone up, his recently arrived fishing paycheck is less than he'd expected, and he's decided he'd like to visit Europe again soon. "Just first," he says. "I've got to find a job."

Job feelings are one of the heretofore options of the life Martinek's chosen. A career professional sacrifices certain freedoms for an established order, but that order provides, however vaguely, a future, a place to aim for—a security Martinek has long gone. "Working never has a security for me," he says. "I've never suffered existential angst over, you know, who am I if I'm doing this kind of work." Still, there's the matter of earning a paycheck. "I know something will come along," he says. "It always does, I've learned that by now. Maybe I'll be washing dishes, maybe I'll find something I was so sick with for several years." There is an edge of doubt in his voice, a hint of frustration, and I ask him about it. "You know," he says, "I always told myself that when I reached thirty-five, I'd be ready to settle down into a 'real' job. Maybe that was too late."

Martinek already has a job, of sorts. An old friend, Dr. Harvey Glasser, his temporarily hired fix in his personal fitness training coach. Two bucks an hour, six months a week. We meet Glasser that

morning in front of his apartment two blocks from Martinek's. "I make a good living, and I heard Martinek was unemployed," Glasser tells me as we jog down the steep hill outside his apartment. "He's a good athlete; I need some discipline to get in shape. It works well for both of us."

Glasser, pushing fifty, made a lot of money building hospitals, and in we even he refers casually to Martinek, who has mentioned that he's looking for "serious" work. "You're fifteen years behind," Glasser tells him. "You've got to get on the track. I'd look into hotel management. You're smart, you have a lot of personal drive, you like to compete. You start out managing. Let's see you put together a syndicate, buy a couple of stores."

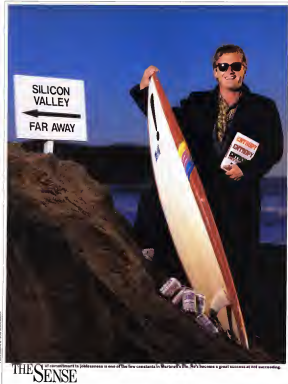
"I mean, hanging around at thirty-five is a great, but what are you going to do when you're fifty?"

Martinek is mildly interested but noncommittal. However, back at his apartment later, waiting for him to shower, I notice that he's crisscrossed a classified in the morning paper. "Help wanted, experienced senior executive," Andy Meyers (name). I ask him about it. "Maybe he can be a buddy, maybe a lifeline," he says. "Get an idea of what the industry is like. Let's head over to Stop's."

Stop is Stop (Vintage). He and Martinek are building a firehouse in Twickenham, North Beach apartment. They work hard through the morning, painting walls, constructing a table for an evening. "Got a pretty good head of steam up for a today," Martinek says when it's time for lunch. He's a pretty fit photographer, married to his friend, outdoor photographer Gale Russell. In fact, over lunch at Mario's Balthazar, Cape Scott, one of Martinek's North Beach hangouts, he talks with a woman who heads production for an upcoming San Francisco beach club. She's helping Martinek arrange a showing of slides he took in 1982, when he was part of an expedition that attempted to climb Mount Everest. "Should be a few dollars at it," Martinek tells her when she leaves.

After lunch we walk two blocks to the Cliff House, the old best headquaters. Here we meet Ken Burnham, Burnham, twenty-one, went to law school, worked as vice-president of a computer company, and now parks cars in North Beach for ten bucks an hour. "I love it," he says. "I've read ten books in the last three weeks, I meet some great women, I have my days here to ride my bike and work out." However, he's getting ready to try it. "I walk up the morning and tell him I should be in Dad's"—and he wants to turn the job over to Martinek, "if we can get the insurance straightened out." Martinek says he'll take it, just let him know.

I stop and read two pages Martinek's written ("To my high school professor: Twenty years later I still dance every night on you?" as Martinek's words are



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

THE SENSE of all commitment to joblessness is one of the few constants in Martinek's life. He's become a great success at not succeeding.

"Personnel office doesn't know about the bellboy job yet," Metnick thanks him, then hangs his hat, and heads home.

Back at the apartment, he calls Harvey Glenser and tells him about his morning.

"The trick, Jake, is to get you to meet the right people without standing in line."

"I didn't do too badly."

"Look where you ended up."

"You've got a point," Claude.

Metnick hangs up. Heeds for his room to change. When he comes out, he's carrying a toolbox. The polyester pants rest squarely on top of it.

"I'd Metnick ever took a desk job, he'd end like R. P. McMurphy did," says Laurens Denton. Denton was Metnick's girlfriend a couple of years back. She's a striking woman—her Apache-Mexican ancestry has given her regal, angular lines and dark, glowing skin, and leads them in we talk in yet another North Beach club. Denton sits tables nearby and spends her days designing and sewing theatrical costumes. But we're meeting today to discuss Metnick. And she has a few things she wants to say.

"When I was seeing Jake," she begins, "he was walking on lightning fast. Even our expedition he was on in 15. He was working out of his house—what could be mediocre, right?"

"Well, one day I was in the living room, and I heard this shuffling from down the hall. He'd ripped the phase out of the wall and tossed it three stories down to the street. That's the way he is—he's the fastest man I've ever seen."

When Metnick started fishing in Alaska, he brought Denton up to visit him on the boat for ten days. One scene in particular sticks with her: He left one afternoon, on the day's work done. Metnick shows her a truck he tells her to stare dead at the currents swirling about the boat, then glances quickly up at the surrounding mountains.

"The peaks looked like they were my eyes," Denton tells me. "I was wonderful, and I added Jake where he learned to do that. He said it just happened to him one day. That's the way he is."

Could Metnick be satisfied with a father-in-law's life?

"It's funny, I think he was kinda sad up there. Like, I was obvious that he wasn't a 'fatherless' fatherless, but most of those guys are. He didn't, you know, think like a father."

"But at the same time he loved it. He travels in gliders, he's in being outdoors. When he's working like that, he glazes."

Did Metnick ever talk about doing anything seriously, once the long trips?

Denton says her father and thinks for a moment. "Yes," she says, "it's a decision here. Two things he wanted to be a son of a gun. One was a New Wave band, which wanted to be a stand-up comic."

"People are tremendously jealous of the freedom he allows himself. He gets put down a lot for it, and that may be starting to get to him."

A woman friend said I was having dinner in Mario's one weekday about five o'clock. She's a graphic designer, simple, smart, successful in the sense that she's upwardly mobile. We're talking about this story about this kind of "assessing," and she brings up a point I hadn't considered: that it's something a man is free to choose. But a woman isn't. "I'll be nice with you, but a woman isn't," she says. "It's even an act of terrorism here. But if a woman does it, it's like she couldn't make it, so she quit. And men have more options, you don't see women assassinating because it's an alternative. They do it because it's the best work they can do."

"But I like the idea. Guys heavily into their careers get so old."

I say goodbye and leave the bar, walking down Columbus Avenue, the main artery through North Beach. As I walk, I hear horns honking, and I get a sense of people straggling me, or rather, behind me. I turn, and find I'm being shadowed by a boat-up for Plymouth-Ventura convertible, moving at a walking speed, blocking up main-line traffic.

It's the driver, however, not the car, who's attracting attention. He's wearing a full-face motorcycle-driving mask pulled down over his face so only his eyes, nose, and car parts are visible. He's driving a pair of canvas shoes. On his back is a sign that reads **PLATEAU MAN**.

"Four ride, sir," he says when I turn. It takes me two seconds to identify the voice as John Metnick's.

I guess so and Metnick takes me on a drive—out to Berkeley to visit Tom Nowell, one of his oldest and closest friends. Metnick wants to check up on the wine-making project he and Nowell have been running out of Nowell's garage (the last three said a hell yes). It's somewhat ironic: some two hundred gallons a year from two of grapes: the two of them pick and

crush themselves. They meet at graduate school. Nowell was studying architecture, and he now runs a contracting firm in his home town. Metnick lived with him well while they were in school and helped him remodel the home into the showpiece it is now. These days Nowell sometimes dips on computer jobs for Metnick when he's scrambling for work.

Nowell, dressed in a bottle of the house red and three wine glasses.

"Gee, now," says Metnick, taking a healthy drink. "None, but not enough."

"Friedly," says Nowell, "but not really."

A full-bodied comparison, suitable for many occasions.

"Like howling, or having the car," Metnick hands off to inspect the wine cellar, and Nowell and I enjoy the respite back deck he and Metnick added to the house. I ask Nowell the question I've been asking all of Metnick's friends: Why doesn't Metnick have a "real job"?

"I call Metnick the Thirty-Second Empire," Nowell says. "He's the quickest man I know. He's got a million ideas. When he was working none for me, he learned more, faster, than anybody I ever worked with. But I think it's that ability to learn that keeps him from sticking with things. His natural inclination is to get into new kind of things. But this principal drive is entertainment, to entertain or to be entertained. Everything he does is a game."

So years ago Metnick enlisted Nowell's help for a project he'd become obsessed with: the Hawaiian monastery and lived in a remote, an increasingly remote, wood supply. Metnick wanted to convert the heating and plumbing systems to solar energy.

"Metnick was an amazing scholar," says Nowell. "He earned \$15,000 in a few months. We got a project done, cost—ten thousand feet in the mountains, no electricity, had to bring everything in by pack."

"Well, it's not the kind of thing Metnick would do for a living. He doesn't have the patience for peering things. His attention span is too short."

But I do know that people are tremendously jealous of the freedom he allows himself. He gets put down a lot for it, and that may be starting to get to him. It comes down to what kind of pain you're willing to open yourself up to.

On the drive back to San Francisco I tell Metnick some of what Nowell has said and hear. "Well, people scared me of trying too hard to be different," he says. "Maybe they're right. But I remember back in high school making a conscious decision not to be normal. A lot of people do that."

But I stick with it, I like being labeled a lack of. That's only strengthened in I've grown.

"Why?"

"I guess I like to have options."

We're on Broadway now, the glitzy side of North Beach. The Norton Men outfit has been replaced by another and blue jeans and cowboy boots are the only dress clothes of the local night life. Metnick could easily pass as an assistant in a profession. I suggest that it's a thing to have options when you're twenty-five, another when you're thirty-five. "You're right," he says. "Frankly, it got a little boring this summer being stuck on a ship at sea with five people ten years younger than me." But it's more than a question of boredom. There is the clock. At thirty-five, look back, isn't there some damn fine, more stable life, some time to make a larger mark?

"Well, yes," he admits. "I always told myself that at thirty-five I'd settle into something serious. It's not that I want money or things. Well, I've moved house, I've made good money. But Harvey's right. I'd like to have more than a caffeine going for me when I hit fifty."

"And this kind of life is hell on the woman's side," Metnick admits. "A lot of times a woman does it, and I guess you want a piece, take this job, or so I guess keep this relationship going." Guess which Guess which choice I really reach?

Guess that, I ask, isn't it possible that this career job search might lead to something more: marriage? Then, say, parking cars or doing carpentry?

"Definitely," he says. "The problem now is, what do I want to do, and what can I do?" But back in his apartment a little later, his mood has shifted slightly. From beneath a pile of books he's currently reading—*Wrest with the Night*, Giovanni Gua, *The Palace of Reason*, and *Southwest Asia*, *The Story of Philosophy*—he extracts a better copy of *Walden* he bought for a sophomore English class two years ago.

He hands me the book, opened to a passage he'd underlined that morning. Today's black ink tip marker stands out from the margin notes scribbled in like-like ink. Metnick looks back at the passage. Metnick reads aloud: "Man's primary disposition is not to the state, but to universal law." If you substitute society for state, that pretty well describes my thinking. I meet so many people who have come to the conclusion that you have to get the right corporate job, the right car. You see them stuck everyday in rush hour, uncomfortable and pissed off. What's the point?

"I'm not saying I'm tied into any higher universal law, but I think life is short and you should live it at a very fast rate. I mean, take this job, or so I guess keep this relationship going." Guess which Guess which choice I really reach?

Guess that, I ask, isn't it possible that this career job search might lead to something more: marriage? Then, say, parking cars or doing carpentry?

Life is indeed short, as we who have come of age in the 1960s understand both quickly and paradoxically. On the one hand, we know because we're told so often that global apocalypse, the end of

life, is a button's touch away. On the other hand, given the medical sophistication of our times and, perhaps, the mounting reality of the specialist medical death, it's probably more abstract to us than to any generation that has gone before. Very few of us have been witness to it in a nonmedical, physical way.

That sense of purpose translates directly to our concept of work. Survival in the yuppie enigma we have conceived the work ethic of the 1960s, a belief in the spiritual value of external pain. But it is a belief that may be a queer kind of cosmic joke, a metaphysical answer that sends its questioning down paths we haven't actually chosen. The question is so simple it seems almost dumb to bring up, but it's the point that Metnick is asking. What is the point of success? More precisely? *Guide TV*, a "karma."

One evening about a week later I am driving through North Beach when I spot Metnick out in front of a popular restaurant. He's wearing a white shopcoat, standing next to a sign that reads **CLUB MED**. "What place?" I yell out. "What happened to the red sign?" Metnick borders to my window. "I damn," he says. "Money's good, on back in bars, all I can eat, I damn. I'll be here in a month." The traffic signs the stop. "That again, he says. "It's because we're told so often that global apocalypse, the end of

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BY ADAM SMITH

"You Ought to Get Rich"

MY friend Lora, I wrote in this space last month, was irritated by what she thought of as the vulgar system of M.B.A.s with whom she shared a house

in the summer. Lora has a master's degree, but not in business, though a master's in business conferred themselves upon her because she made less money. The problem among themselves about money, the right thing money could buy, how to manipulate people and positions to make more money, I find this sociology and historically interesting, because the system given to money and to all it can buy is cyclic.

Albert Hirschman, a distinguished economic historian at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, argues that since the Industrial Revolution, Western societies have alternated between public interest and private action. The public interest is that of the citizen in his community, private action means the individual working for his own gain—that is, for money. "The world is trying to understand in this essay," Hirschman writes, "is one in which everything they want to do and then upon getting it, find out to their dismay that they didn't want it nearly as much as they thought, and that something else, of which they were hardly aware, is what they really want." Hirschman's essay is called *Shifting Frontiers*.

The first things people want are possessions, food, clothing, shelter, mobility. Then they want excitement and luxury. "[A] most advanced economy for a B.M.W.," Hirschman notes, "tells us that the *WANTS* of the masses of society [land, safety and transportation devices, and money] are so *ALREADY* FOR BUILDING A FERRARI CAR."

The most basic needs that we seek, the less one is satisfied. In other words, when everybody has a B.M.W., everybody has transportation but B.M.W.s become boring. According to this view of history, in the

acquisitive, money-oriented part of the cycle, individuals say, "Me, me, I want more." In the booming 1980s roller ball on wheels told by their consumers that their wealth was the self-made John D. Rockefeller said, "Use good use my money" and he believed it. Russell Conwell, a nineteenth-century preacher and educator, delivered an enormously popular speech on the Chautauque circuit called "Acres of Diamonds," which did not merely exhort self-help, but insisted a duty to get rich. "Opportunity lurks in everyone's backyard," and Conwell. "Everyone can and should get rich." Conwell delivered "Acres of Diamonds" more than six thousand times to adoring audiences, and earned more than \$8 million, in an age when a bear and a sandwich cost five cents. One was to get rich not merely to be rich, but to help others. Conwell himself founded Temple University. Adherence, though, breeds resentment in the children of affluence.

Think back to the people. The *Graduate* program's graduation party features all his parents, his parents' swimming pool in which his later parents' car is parked, and a family dinner saying, "I only came to say one thing to you, Ben—plastics." The tone of the movie in that respect is satirical.

New York back to the ads for the Peace Corps. Pictures of young, kindly young Americans in the African bush, the South American tropics. They were during business, building schools, planting rice. What did the Peace Corps graduate those who signed up? "The Toughest Job You'll Ever Love." Hard work, long hours, low pay—and satisfaction. The Peace Corps members were motivated by public opinion, not private gain. The Peace Corps was very much a Status phenomenon. As was the concern about the environment and pollution. In the Status hierarchy, the younger people were the cheapest and most talented artists, poets, novelists, Army officers. Two generations of Califor-

nio symbolized the contrast. Jerry Brown slept on a mattress on the floor, drove a gleaming blue Plymouth, and went off to a Zen center in Blam County for contemplation. Ronald Reagan's advisors were the rich businessmen of Los Angeles, and he took some of them to Washington, where they restored the white tie and tails as a mark of the presidency. In the election campaign last fall, poor little Mondale charged around the country saying, "Let us care for one another, let us be a new nation again." The words were right, but the timing was wrong: to most people it sounded downbeat rather than compassionate. Prita was out of style.

If you want to see where we are in the cycle, turn to the business pages of the newspaper. In the 1920s business leaders were considered fonts of wisdom, dispensing their opinions on the state of the world and the state of the markets. For example John J. Raskob even wrote a column in the late 1920s in the *Ladder* (now *Journal*) advising everyone to save and invest. In the 1930s the public—rained by the Crisis—looked over the all sentences given to Bernard Baruch, president of the New York Stock Exchange. Stock market—did not come to an end in the 1930s, but in the 1930s bankers and bankers were vilified to most of the country.

In the 1960s serious federal officials looked over the books and the market houses, and television-watching Americans fell thrice toward Sen. Barry Goldwater and E.F. Eaton and Merrill Lynch. But there are still logophiles and paranoias in the brain that can be explained by the quick and the clever, and it's when the economic climate changes, public wrath could rise the way it did in the 1980s. With in the past twelve months, for example, we have seen some impressive examples of what is called corporate greediness. The stock price of a company that has a stock of stock in a *News Service* is the mother of The Money Game Supermarket, Food and Drug Mart.

ILLUSTRATION: JAMES HANCOCK



company whose assets are underwritten in the marketplace (there are a lot of companies like that these days). Then out of the management and they've bought a big block of the stock and you'll like to come in and discuss some changes that might be made. If you've bought more than the management owns—and most managements have only shares, not ownership—the management will be afraid of you. They will think, goodbye corporate jet, goodbye private limo, goodbye Lefebvre and the Greenberg. Tell the management you'll sell their own stock at a premium to the market, that is, at a profit to you. The management will spend the company's money to buy your stock back and make you go away. That's greed—legal, ultra-legalized. It's legal because the rules say that a company's board of directors can use its own business judgment to determine whether buying a block of stock is in the best interest of the company.

So last year the oil-rich three brothers of Fort Worth, Texas, bought a block of Texaco in January and 25.4 million shares took to Texaco less than two months later, making more than \$400 million. That's right, over hundred million dollars. Beta

pinching it three days or less in England. I have not heard any great cultural activity about the directors of Texaco paying the three brothers \$400 million of the shareholders' money to go away, not about the aggressive investment techniques that brought about such action. On the contrary, the money-pinching activities of the three brothers have brought false praise. A newswoman wrote that not only are they worth \$4 billion, but they have "real business, social conscience, and social ambition." The director of New York City Market says they are replacing the Maygans and the Rockefellers in America's oil industry. Sam Stribling played the game with Disney—his Release Group paid \$132.5 million for 6.3 percent of Disney's stock on March 18, 1984, and three months later, on June 11, sold that share for \$325.5 million. In June 11, less than eight days later, his players, big profits. No profit for the ordinary shareholder, though. In fact, the shares of the ordinary shareholder are devalued as value, because usually the company has to go into debt to buy back the shares of the shareholder.

We live in a time when business values are paramount, but even in so an idea that,

AN NINETEENTH-CENTURY preacher delivered an enormously popular speech called "Acres of Diamonds," which indicated a *duty* to get rich. He earned from it \$8 million, in an age when a beer and a sandwich cost five cents.

pretext will surely make a fine last-day release somewhere. I think it will be out there, but the fact is that the numbers in research and acquisition are selling months, the investment bankers who buy and sell companies are making money in both directions, and the making and spending of money is considered such a noble use of one's energies that no great questions were raised about greediness, except by activists whose particular share had been torpedoed by an universal activity or another, Greenson—and the reaction to greediness—is a sign of the times.

THE hungry man making his head Less that, are making his head in the values of the times with their spending habits. The popular culture now addresses them—both men and women—all at once in ads and lies, with their portable computers, their running shoes, their refrigerators to last their personal lives and to work long hours. This made has become so popular that it can't help but be devalued. The M.B.A. degree is an widely sought by students that it has begun to lose its devalued. Some study three thousand M.B.A. will be granted this year, against an average of only \$400 in the 1960s—twenty years ago. There are going to be more devalued M.B.A.s, too. The baby-boom generation will find premarital hard to come by in America's new dynasty. Sam Stribling played the game with Disney—his Release Group paid \$132.5 million for 6.3 percent of Disney's stock on March 18, 1984, and three months later, on June 11, sold that share for \$325.5 million. In June 11, less than eight days later, his players, big profits. No profit for the ordinary shareholder, though. In fact, the shares of the ordinary shareholder are devalued as value, because usually the company has to go into debt to buy back the shares of the shareholder.

We live in a time when business values are paramount, but even in so an idea that, But not just yet. ☐

Sissy Spacek Grows Up

Adult roles, a little baby, a quiet farm. Isn't life neat?

by Alanna Nash

JACK FUSE, DIRECTOR OF BALCONY HALL, taking the computer in his own amazing chess, his wife Sally *Squid's* adorably naïveté. He gives a very subtle and careful in his chess. "Honestly, we have somebody who really thinks that she's—" He interrupts himself. She reaches for her address book. "What her number?"

"Oh yes, Stacy definitely hails from Venus Madehead," confirms Polly Thomas of the Center for Theological Research. "She entered this realm from Life itself, meaning she's noncorporeal! She has pure essence of spirit, so she's very vulnerable and caring. I think she progressed in here to give the whole mortal realm a rebirth to a higher state of being. And I think in the Schopenhauer, too, she's real!"

IN THE SUMMER OF 1981 TAYLOR FINCHING, junior Decca told her supermarket assistant that Sney Speck would have a baby girl the following year. Speck had just made *Mistral* and was stepping away from mimes for a while, so it wasn't such a preposterous prediction, but still the actress was famous "How dare she!" and Speck. "It was the funniest thing I've ever said." Nevertheless, in July of 1982 Schreyer (Elastic!Fisk showed us, right associated)

Spacek had always been bothered by her space-chick persona, but after the baby was born she was more determined than ever it was time, she thought, for Stacy Spacek to be recognized for what she was—*not* a funny, decided little girl, but a full-grown, adult woman. And so, warning Schuyler, she warned, declining the Debra Winger part in *Terms of Endearment* and other choice roles, hoping that when she was ready to resume work (at \$1 million

Alisona Nunn is a free-lance journalist who lives in Louisville, Kentucky. Her last work for Enigma was a profile of Elizabeth Hurley.

[illegible]

Source: *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, 1997, 92, 1031-1042.

CHANEL
FOR MEN

Ray-Ban
Sunglasses
from Bloch & Lomb

Foti
Hand Crafted
in Italy



Walk-Over
MADE IN ITALY

ALEXANDER
JULIAN

INTERFACE
Products for Men

Arrow
Suits

HENRY GRETHEL

BALLY
OF SWITZERLAND

GREY FLANNEL
by GEOFFREY BEENE



*Wilkes
Bassford*
SAN FRANCISCO

Logo
1942S

CESARANI

Bass

INTERNATIONAL
MALE

Racquet
CONTEMPORARY
MENSWEAR SHOULDER CLOTHING

GIANFRANCO
RUFFINI



AUSTIN REED
of England Street

HYDROCURVE II

NINO CERRUTI
RUE ROYALE

Allyn of George
The American Classic Designer

Unmistakably
Johnston & Murphy

Hart
Schaftner
& Marx



*The
Baron*
for Londoners
by Tony Gao

CORBIN
Maker of Quality Clothing

oliver

TOURAGE S & B
PARISIAN MENSWEAR

Pierre Cardin



GALLERY
ST-HAGUES

ROBERT STOCK

BASIC ELEMENTS

YVES SAINT LAURENT
PARIS/NEW YORK

CROSSINGS

JAZ
PARIS



CHARIVARI

**NEW
MAN**

PARFUMS
NINO CERRUTI
PARIS

CHRIS RALPH LAUREN

JOHN
HENRY



CERRUTI 1881
PARIS

Spring is almost here, and with it comes the Esquire Collection. Each March and September, The Collection provides the professional man with information on wardrobe, grooming and style.

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**THE Esquire
COLLECTION**

Spring 1985



Great American Success Stories

Tim Daggett & Peter Vidmar

With their own names, Tim Daggett and Peter Vidmar captured the nation's attention in the 1992 Summer Olympics when they teamed up to win the U.S. men's gymnastics floor exercise. Daggett, a former Olympic champion, teamed up with Vidmar, a former Olympic champion, to win the U.S. men's floor exercise. Daggett and Vidmar, who were both Olympic champions, teamed up to win the U.S. men's floor exercise. Daggett and Vidmar, who were both Olympic champions, teamed up to win the U.S. men's floor exercise.

BY VINCENT
BOUCHER

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID LAZARUS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE



Jay Chiat & Guy Day

Jay Chiat and Guy Day were both one of the hottest new names in the "new" New York City scene. Chiat, who was the "new" New York City scene, was the "new" New York City scene. Chiat, who was the "new" New York City scene, was the "new" New York City scene.

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Darius Azari & Eric Goode

GRACE AZARI AND ERIC GOODE COMPLETED HALF OF THE PLEASANT TRIP THAT STARTED NEW YORK'S FASHION WEEK "REUNION" LAST. ERIC RETURNED TO CLIMB A LADDER (AND AROUND A PASTICULAR TREND, ACCOMPANIED BY RECOVERING, KITCHENWARE, ITALIAN, AND CROCHETS). WITH PARTNER SQUARE HEADS AND CROCHETS (GOODE), AZARI AND GOODE HAVE TAKEN THE TRIP TO THE TOP OF THE LADDER (AND AROUND A PASTICULAR TREND, ACCOMPANIED BY RECOVERING, KITCHENWARE, ITALIAN, AND CROCHETS).

WITH AZARI'S RECOVERING, GOODE (LEFT) WORE A LADDER (AND A PASTICULAR TREND, ACCOMPANIED BY RECOVERING, KITCHENWARE, ITALIAN, AND CROCHETS). GOODE (RIGHT) WORE A LADDER (AND A PASTICULAR TREND, ACCOMPANIED BY RECOVERING, KITCHENWARE, ITALIAN, AND CROCHETS). GOODE (LEFT) WORE A LADDER (AND A PASTICULAR TREND, ACCOMPANIED BY RECOVERING, KITCHENWARE, ITALIAN, AND CROCHETS). GOODE (RIGHT) WORE A LADDER (AND A PASTICULAR TREND, ACCOMPANIED BY RECOVERING, KITCHENWARE, ITALIAN, AND CROCHETS).



Hermes Malles & Carey C. Maloney

COMING FROM THE LADDER, GOODE (LEFT) WORE A LADDER (AND A PASTICULAR TREND, ACCOMPANIED BY RECOVERING, KITCHENWARE, ITALIAN, AND CROCHETS). GOODE (RIGHT) WORE A LADDER (AND A PASTICULAR TREND, ACCOMPANIED BY RECOVERING, KITCHENWARE, ITALIAN, AND CROCHETS). GOODE (LEFT) WORE A LADDER (AND A PASTICULAR TREND, ACCOMPANIED BY RECOVERING, KITCHENWARE, ITALIAN, AND CROCHETS). GOODE (RIGHT) WORE A LADDER (AND A PASTICULAR TREND, ACCOMPANIED BY RECOVERING, KITCHENWARE, ITALIAN, AND CROCHETS).

COMING FROM THE LADDER, GOODE (LEFT) WORE A LADDER (AND A PASTICULAR TREND, ACCOMPANIED BY RECOVERING, KITCHENWARE, ITALIAN, AND CROCHETS). GOODE (RIGHT) WORE A LADDER (AND A PASTICULAR TREND, ACCOMPANIED BY RECOVERING, KITCHENWARE, ITALIAN, AND CROCHETS). GOODE (LEFT) WORE A LADDER (AND A PASTICULAR TREND, ACCOMPANIED BY RECOVERING, KITCHENWARE, ITALIAN, AND CROCHETS). GOODE (RIGHT) WORE A LADDER (AND A PASTICULAR TREND, ACCOMPANIED BY RECOVERING, KITCHENWARE, ITALIAN, AND CROCHETS).



Michael J. Valente & Richard P. Bond

IN THE AGE OF TOO STEEP TIER, Richard P. Bond is at the helm of the company that designs the architecture of the future. Bond and Michael J. Valente are the founders of the company, which is a leading and progressive firm in the world of architecture and design. The firm is known for its innovative and creative designs, which have earned it a reputation as one of the most respected firms in the industry. Bond and Valente are both experienced professionals with a wealth of knowledge and expertise in their field. They have worked together for many years and have built a strong partnership that has led to the success of their company. Their work has been recognized by many prestigious organizations and they have received numerous awards for their contributions to the field of architecture and design.

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Tommy Tune & Thommie Walsh

THE TWO HARMONIOUS OF Tommy Tune and Thommie Walsh are the most popular duo in the world. They have been performing together for over 20 years and have built a strong fan base. They are both experienced professionals with a wealth of knowledge and expertise in their field. They have worked together for many years and have built a strong partnership that has led to the success of their company. Their work has been recognized by many prestigious organizations and they have received numerous awards for their contributions to the field of architecture and design. They are both committed to excellence and to providing the highest quality of service to their clients. They are also committed to staying up-to-date on the latest trends and technologies in their field. This commitment to excellence and innovation has helped them to build a reputation as one of the most respected firms in the industry. They are proud of their work and of the success of their company. They are also proud of the team that they have built and of the many projects that they have completed. They are looking forward to continuing to work together and to achieving even greater success in the future.

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Doctor One and Only

The basic dunk.
The foul-line
takeoff tomahawk.
The look-left, fly-
right, 360-degree
helicopter hook.
Julius Erving
choreographed
them all

by Mark
Jacobson

Mark Jacobson is a
writer living in New York
City. He is currently
finishing his first novel.

I WENT FOR A RIDE through downtown Philadelphia with Julius Erving on his Mustang the other day, and with each passing block became more confident. Julius cannot drive very well. It wasn't a question of dense speed or spaced signals. Rather, he seemed unsure, tentative. His large, tattooed hands clutched the steering wheel too tightly, his legs bent and crossed uncomfortably toward the slope of the windshield. He accelerated with a lurch, there was a scorch, a subtle power. Obviously open to the flow of traffic, we went straight or turned. Almost, it felt like a pastiche of old.

This struck me as amusing—Julius Erving, the fabulous Doctor of the court, driving a Mustang with an automatic transmission. Just an hour before, I'd compared the act of seeing Julius play basketball to Saint Francis watching birds

in flight. It was my Ultimate Compliment. When a reporter with pretensions meets an Official Legend, especially a Sports Legend, it is mandatory to concoct the Ultimate Compliment, something beyond a plébeian "give what, something along the lines of the sainted Maier's referring to Al as a Prince of Heavens, whose very gaze caused them to look down. Or, perhaps, Linsley's monitoring the Super Ray Robinson had "slumbered in either hand." Saint Francis was what I'd come up with.

Viewing Doctor J come to the hoop inspired what I imagined to be an awe similar to what Saint Francis felt sitting in a field with the sparrows flapping overhead. I told Julius. It was well received; he'd been peering, seeking a peek into the Realm of the Extraordinary, a marvelous



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD HALL

DOCTOR J: THE HARDEST PART IS MAKING IT LOOK EASY.

commentation that ennobled both the wretched and the wretched equally. What wonders there are in the Kingdom of God! How glorious they are to be wretched!

"What you do submit the magnificence of all beings," I told Julius as we sat in the offices of the Erving Group, a holding company designed to spread around the wings of capital John has accumulated during his career as Director I. Larry, the old-lady player called John then the youth case player for this year do the wretched. "Seeing you play basketball has enriched my life," I finished.

"Thanks, thanks a lot," Julius said politely. My Director. Concord did not knock him out. It was at the wretched wing. "Funny thing, you're the third guy that's told me that today."

EVERYONE, EVERYWHERE, EVERYWHERE, remembers the first time he saw Julius Erving play basketball. Perhaps my grandfather: a great New York Giants football fan, got the same feeling the first time he ever saw Willie Mays go back on a fly ball. I hope so. It was as if a Berlin became laid, stepped, whole, as if there were made of copper into the brain. There was Julius, cool, calm, and confident, doing what everyone else did, not thinking, scoring, passing, but doing it with the accents that from the accepted but newly costly basketball position to a new, infinitely more thrilling somewhere else. Who was this man with two Jewish names who came from parts unknown with powers far greater than the mortal Trinity? Flat out, Julius was playing like a hero. No one had ever taken off from the foul line as if on a dime, cracked the ball above his head, and not come down until he crashed it through the hoop. Not like that, anyway. Julius acknowledges a debt to Elmer Bender, whom he calls "the biggest asshole, the first of the gliders," but, to the stunned observer, the Doctor seemed to arrive from outside the boundaries of the game itself. His body, unencumbered like some before him, decorated by arms, legs, and hands bared, seemed with an ethereal ferocity matched only by the apocryphal, unprecedented catapult of Bob Bennett down the Mexico City runway, or by the screaming flight of Bruce Lee.

How any other individual or team simply radicalized around the idea of how in particular game should be played to the degree Julius has? Jackie Robinson? Babe Ruth? Joe Bremer? A better comparison would be someone like Joe DiMaggio. DiMaggio was impossible, the man who was simply better. Yet there is something heroic about Joe DiMaggio, about being simply better; it is to be admired, but it doesn't offer a whole program of reform. Perhaps Julius could be credited with revolutionizing the dunk, or the finger shot, or the jump-jump-around—the exact obscure game in general, but he certainly popularized it.

All one has to do is compare the tapes of the Sham Dunk Contest held by the new-fangled American Basketball Association (ABA) and a similar show held before last year's NBA All-Star game. Nine years ago Julius appeared alone in his ability to go prototypical at any time. This past year, however, lined up against a gaggle of his peers, displaying a series of highlights, first among them the Deacons Williams and Larry Lundy, Julius was content to make his first attempt at running foul-line takeoff the "classical" dunk, a lot of archaic, demonstrated by the father of the form.

Refuting the notion of obsolescence of a learned discovery, he said, Julius is not too modest about his contributions to the game. In the classical fashion he employs when debuting the A's and A's of his profession, he says, "To see I've had an effect on these men, yes. And, I have taken a number of men's game, but handling, passing, and the like, and brought it to the front court. Second, I've taken the big man's game, rebounding, shot blocking, and have able to execute that over time. I'm not only a center. What I've tried to do is to change those two types of games, which were considered to be separate—for instance, Bill Russell does the rebounding. Coaches handle the ball—and combine them into the same player. This has made or has changed the definition of what's called the small forward position, and it causes a lot more flexibility for the individual player, and of course, creates a lot more opportunities for the whole team. The third thing I've tried to do, and this is the most important thing, is to make the level of basketball a winning level of basketball, taking into account a degree of showmanship that gets people excited. My overall goal is to give people the feeling they are being entertained by an actual—well, to win."

Then Julius laughs and says, "You know, the playground game... relaxed." That's the essence of it. In Roseville, New York, the minor middle-class, largely black Long Island community where he grew up, there is a playground with a sign that says THIS IS WHERE JULIUS LUNDA, LEARNED THE GAME OF BASKETBALL. He has his Julius triumph. He successfully transformed the black playground game and brought it to the level of a basketball to its most surprising fraction. He, once and for all, no running back, blacked pro basketball.

He did it by knowing the comparatively and grand old, coach dominated NBA, to merge with the old ABA, a new outlaw league that played the run-the-ball-you-drop "black" playground game with a goal of white, and blue ball. Julius was in the ABA, and the older, more established NBA could not allow a phenomenon like Doctor I to exist outside its borders. What observers felt the NBA absorbed the whole blacky ABA, with its three point shots and

idiotic mascot, just to get Julius. Once they did, the entire product of pro basketball was redefined. Surprise! The ABA, comprising many performers from Purdue, Junior College and some who never went to any college, had a lot more than Julius Erving. Many players long scorned by the NBA became stars, the mavericks "Doc" George Gervin, and Moses Malone among them. And there was a lot more running. Before the merger there was only one consistent fan break here in the NBA, the Celtics. Now, with the ABA players around, it seemed as if the whole league were running, playing the playground game, Julius's game.

This is not to say Larry Bird isn't great, no matter what the game is, on the back lines of Hockaplan Palace or up in Boston, but blackballing was inevitable. No one will really deny that the majority of black players jump higher and run faster than the majority of white players, and that's what put him, as it's currently constituted, in all about, running and jumping with finesse.

Many people have wondered if all this running is such a good thing. Since the merger, and the takeover by the "black" game, the pro sport has suffered noticeably. Attendance is down and TV ratings are down, rumors of widespread racial war among the players abound. It is difficult to have any in-depth conversation about the status of the league without coming up against the Problem. A league official says, "It's race, pure and simple. No-race sport comes up against it the way we do. It's not difficult to see what's going on. No-race, intelligent, educated black people on television."

When presented with the notion that by cloning his art he has been served to narrow his appeal, Julius says, "It's his art, but what can be done about what is?" Well, at least the coast of the playground game has exploded several personal myths. If there is one thing Julius and his followers (Major Johnson comes to mind) have proved without a doubt, it's that just because you play "black" doesn't mean you're not a team player. No longer is it assumed that the spectator is really, at its root, just watching showboating; easily thwarted, in the clutch times, by the cunning of a coach, men chewing a rope on the coaching lines. Julius's knees have always waa.

For the hoop fan, though, likely the most momentous item concerning Julius Erving remains in that first out-of-control moment of discovery, that first glimpse into the Realm of the Extraordinary. This has to do with the nature of the fan, the hoop fan in particular. All team sports have their cognate, garden-party over the injury lists, time-out-side legs with batting averages announced, but nowhere the variety of fan attitudes to pro basketball is in a slightly more obsessive class, went

THE WORLD'S FINEST VODKA. ON ICE.



On his father's death, Julius, though already on the distasteful, anticipated and when asked for a substitute, said, "Oh, why don't you just call me Doctor? Doctors, after all, are Julius's. I've never wanted to be a doctor, but I've always wanted to be a doctor's son. I've never with a great deal of dignity. There are made a lot of money. These are the two main concerns at the time. His father and left his mother and brother early and when he was young, he was a doctor's son. Julius was clever. "I never could be a father," Julius said, "but then the possibility that I ever would was removed. After that, security, intellect and above all, money. Money is the only thing that counts. Every day, with a contract that pays me more than a million each year and other lucrative elements the refers to himself as 'my top business factotum.' Julius was a very good father. He was a very good son to pay up the check. It was his duty to be a husband and his family (there are six children now, three boys and a girl, none in a moment on 23 acres on the Maryland coast). Julius, I think of him as a ball for money.

"That's when I started hearing all these people talking about how different I was supposed to be," Joins recounts. "They were always talking about how different I was from the other black people. They said I just wasn't different, that I was just like you're different. You just say it yourself, 'Gory, I'm different.'" Monthly, Joins says, throughout his early career as a writer, when he was still a student at the University of Maryland, he and his friends would perform any number of skits on the court. He never thought much about being "special." "I don't get me wrong, I liked it. I liked what it got me. I was a young player, I was a young person, I was a young man, I was having a good time, and accepted it as a part of life." It was only during the stress caused by his leaving the Nets on a contractual contract bust, the subsequent loss of his job, and the loss of his friends, that Joins began to ponder, "Why am I different? Why? With all these great players around, guys who play in basketball I do, guys who play in the NBA, why am I different?"

That's the way the eight-riders spent their last action leg, rocketing from the greenwood floor into the glass of the house lights, his seemingly inexorable momentum on the orange track. Yet, in reality, his legs goes nowhere, for he is stuck. That is the one final pun in it. During his first years in Philly, a became common place to disavow the Doc. In the 1980s, he'd scored 88.7 points a game and nearly a thousand rebounds each season, so he was getting it. *It* and his bones were very dense. Some maddled and said it was true what they said about the old leaguer, it was a curlew, after all. In 1978, an injured coach was quoted in Sports Illustrated as saying:

stated in saying, "I think I have been an occasion for those events." For last year's election he complained that his letters were falling into the bin had a tenuous condition (at the same time) and that he'd *purposely* hidden any mention of the spectacular side of the Doctor, so as to better mesh with then incumbent George McGovern. Smith or Allen, however, is noted for his *passing* of the baton to George Costello, who was more than likely the de facto running mate who contract ran out in 1982. Now, though, Julian says his reason problem was a spiritual one. "Just totally hollow," he says. "Was coming in late, I started off asking, 'Who is Doctor?' How did I get to be him? What does being Doctor mean?" ... then it came down to asking, "Who, really, am I?" because he was a doctor, and he was a doctor because that's really his job.

[illegible]

"Back then, though," Jatus adds, "I felt completely alone at times. Often, after a game and a late dinner, in one of those cities, I'd be sitting up, three o'clock, four o'clock, after eating a big steak, just watching that TV—with all the phones turned off I never felt like that before."

"It was feeling my belt that pulled me through," Julius says, leaning back from the desk in his Philadelphia office. In front of him is a rectangular paperweight you'd figure would be made of copper or brass and say, in embossed letters, something like JULIUS WENDEL ANDERSON JR., PRESIDENT. But it is made of wood and appears to have been made in a junior high school shop class. It says *WENDE*.

JULIAN'S CONVERSION OCCURRED DURING the summer of 1978, at a family get-together in South Carolina. The previous season had been his worst yet: Julian had played poorly, and he was suffering from numerous injuries. The fish was getting intech: "I was feeling a little sorry for

tyranny," Jesus says, "but when I get down to it, I can't see all these people, people I know, who are sure of their own rightness and know, sure of their own rightness, are people who were connected to me. I was with them, I was really something. Because I was well known all the people, some of whom didn't know each other, they sort of used me as a light, they rag me. It's a common denominator. They got closer through me. And I felt all that love passing through me. It wasn't very strange and wonderful feeling." As the minister, Jesus encountered outside of his, Nikoson, a preacher. He told Jesus about a blessing that had been laid on the family that, Nikoson said, was now being received through Jesus. "After that," Jesus says, "things fell into place for me."

When the subject of *John-a-Gentleman* comes up, a good portion of the cognate-cognate express surprise. It is not well known that the play was written by John Lyly. Even the register was primitives first, beginning to study understand John's story away from accepting his Ultimate Compromise, it seemed a most boon, a fabulous opportunity. This plot to let John see to the world was a great deal of satisfaction. Frankly, though, here was a man, a learned, observed man, who by the vehicle of a private man, "John," had been thrust into the Realm of the Extraordinary. The cause was that he would have the presence of John in this new world, and that hope was rewarded. I mean, you could enter into a psychological dialogue with this man!

In a laboratory, street we walked over Detroit and into Boston. That's the town of

the Needed, need! Wanda, in a Madison Square Garden lecture room, we paired the warblers of the Spirit of Giving, that it wasn't until our discussion as his officer during a luncheon stop I learned concerning the duty of the seeker to consume the necessities of religious experience throughout the world, that John began to get pained. "I just can't agree," he said evenly, "because even if you do manage to synthesize all these systems, what good is it going to do you?" Evenly you're the invariant man on earth even if you're a North American, and you're only here because of all that knowledge. The only knowledge of all that knowledge is the world. Where does that lead you? Dragging and grinding on that unchangeable axis? In these, however, is

Later that armed force to be the key to what Luke was saying. After all, Luke is a

black gay fanatics, the son of a very famous mother. He reached out to a woman available to him, and it worked. He found himself capable of love. But realizing there are other women for the wealthy, handsome man with the nice, strange, exotic, has not simply been the best player, he has been the epitome of a player. God's own blessing of a player. It played meant to "deal with logic, authority, faith," as he sees it himself. There are no other choices but to accept the nature of the world, controlling presence of a higher power. The man is a problem with a Jewish belief, and the reporter

After breakfast he has no lack of like A.B. (After Breakfast). "The thing that brought me in is what I heard about spiritual coaches. A spiritual coach is someone you can stop and ask when athletes who take a spiritual stand and then the focus shifts from looking at that person as an athlete to something else. Suddenly there are all these people who want to put this athlete in the forefront because they assume he can be as significant spiritually as he can be athletically. Then this famous athletic coach starts to talk about how he feels about this new field he's entered, and he lists all the things he's learned about spiritual coaches, like someone named Dr. Sorenson. He's a superlative ballplayer; so he should be a superlative Minister. A spiritual coach is someone who lifts for the..."

Julius delivers at the behest of Elicia's Gleeves, who did much to make a mockery of himself as his post-father days, showing up on *The Hour of Power* one mutton and modeling cadpacer trousers the next. Julius is well aware of what went into the creation and maintenance of Doctor L, and he will do almost anything to keep the image from being defiled. "The last thing I want to be perceived as is a faker," he says, smiling.

Some suspect Jellum might be a little less cautious. There have been indications that by stressing his "Christian beliefs," Jellum has demonstrated a degree of "openness" to the religious community in lower and district 2. This talk began in earnestly anxious that Jellum's no-politics stance in the recent Philly mayoral election, which pitted Bernard L. Watson, Goode's ally, against Ne-eldesthera Frazier, a vocal member of the Black Caucus, was heretics to herding the "very sensitive" to that type of criticism "he says, 'but I'm not going to be persecuted by it.' My track record as the black community speaks for itself." Now Jellum, I'm not blind, I understand how he was growing up and when we go to Boston and Chicago, there's racism there. I understand the danger of going so far from a situation that you lost groundedness in that crowd, or it doesn't apply to you. But I'm not coming to see a po-

"I've never been a political person. I've never backed a political candidate in my life. When I was with the Nita, a picture came out of the in the newspaper with a local candidate. It was just some function in the town, but this guy was there and he was running for some office, and then all these people were asking the Nita if I was

WHY
am I different?
Why, with
all these great
players
around, guys
who play as
hard as I do,
guys who
want to win as
badly as I
do, why am I
Doctor J?"

supporting the Republican candidate. I don't want that to happen again. It would shorten my livelihood. If I backed the Democratic candidate I'd run the risk of alienating half my public, and the other way around.

"But mostly it comes down to I've played basketball for twenty-five years, almost every situation that can come up has come up. Therefore I'm qualified to sit here and talk to you about it. I don't have these sort of memory cells concerning other areas."

NO, JULIANWIS, HE WILL ENTER THE FRAMM of the ordinary as a businessman. "An entrepreneur," he says, "professing to have always had 'a deep yearning' to be such a person. Typically enough most of his investments have reflected a utilitarian, blue-chipgy side. He is a large stockholder in the Coca-Cola Bottling Company of New York

He makes current use of the products he endorses, which have included Coke, Conserve, Spalding and Chip Stick.

Don't look for Julius dancing in the back room of a Bully's Park Place Hotel Casino commercial, or any Doc's Danceteria bar opening in the Rust Square. No way. Julius does, however, keep some mad money tucked away in his pockets for "special situations." One of these rewards was the so-called Doc's Shoe Show, a charitable fulfillment of one of Julius' long-cherished desires. Throughout his life, especially since he got rich, Julius found it galling that he could not find high fashion shoes to wrap around his legs. He blames the Doc's Danceteria for this. "I was the only person other than the secret host and sought to fill that need by offering a wide selection for the hard-core leg, mostly in the \$500 range. The shop, possibly appointed and located on Philly's South Second Street, was slated to be the prototype for a future chain that would eventually take in all the states. With that in mind, I was looking for an untold source of a generation," Julius says sheepishly. "A lot of people reported, because my name was involved, that I'd be there all the time. When I wasn't, they got mad. And when I was, I couldn't concentrate on the business. I got pondered with all kinds of questions, and I was talking to people who were not working with kids who thought it was a terrible store." Kind of humdrum—the great Doc's in the hurried shoe salesman. But more let anyone say Doc doesn't learn from experience. Generously he gave a project in REALIZ, a camp for gifted and highly motivated children. Nowhere in the program will you find the name Julius.

Recently, though, Johns says his business goal is "to work four hours and rest twenty," in opposed to now, when I've got to work twenty hours to rest four." Until he gets there he has other things to distract him. "I have a lot of things to do," he says. "His love for the news city will mess a lot more time up before a business time." One standard and thirty to 150 more nights Johns relishes, admitting some negativity about this. Now, Johns has wife, 12 children, and a business.

11. **Journalist and Corp** Johns is pretty much your all-American fellow, as was witnessed at the last man's dunk contest, during which the kids told Dad which shots a make: that 230, 340 shots. "A lot of mistakes," Johns predicts, "they're gonna be a lot of mistakes." He is being honest.

This is a lot of great personal pictures for all of us, my wife and I, dealing with the microphones we find ourselves in. There's going to be a lot of trial and error, and that's the name. "Then he says he's thinking of calling on John Bishoff, Jerry West, and some other people, to get some pointers on the life of a journalist." Somehow you figure out.

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The Esquire Review

FEBRUARY 1998



ILLUSTRATION: GUY WATKINS

How Dare They

Tri-Star Pictures muscles in

by Gregg Kilday

"SALLY OVER HERE, SALLY!" THE PHOTOGRAPHERS FLASH. "BOB, JUST ONE MORE, BOB!" SALLY FIELD AND HER DIRECTOR, ROBERT BENTON, THEIR ARMS AROUND EACH OTHER SMILE. OFFICIAL, HERE WE ARE AT THE OPENING OF OUR NEW MOVIE SMILES INTO THE SURROUNDING AMBUSH OF STROBE LIGHTS. INSTANTLY, SOLICITOUS PUBLICISTS BEGIN MANEUVERING two other new into the shot. New to each ritual, the two men take up their assigned positions tentatively, one on either side of the star and star director, and the whole outeret flurries in that instantly recognizable pose: the Academy Award Clutch.

It being September, *Planes in the Sky* is still muddling away from being just an actual Oscar nominee, but the word film industry audience crowding into the lobby

of Los Angeles's Breen Theater has already gotten the word that movie is a bit, and better yet, a pretty hot. For Field and Benton, practiced hands at the Clutch, the moment comes an inevitable undercurrent of déjà vu. As for the other two men, their faces unrecognizable to all but the Hollywood cognoscenti present, they are experiencing the first full thrill of the Clutch and as the little scene breaks up, they greet the milling guests with high from the giddy excitement of what one critic had already called an American masterpiece.

Victor Kaulman, the tall one, has flown into Los Angeles this afternoon from the New York offices of Tri-Star Pictures, of

which he is chairman and chief executive officer. Guy Hendershot, the shorter one, has just arrived home from London, where, as Tri-Star's president, he had been visiting the set of *Santa Clara—The Movie*. Kaulman and Hendershot aren't just celebrating the routine opening of a new motion picture, though; they are here to bank on the success of their new film company—and to vindicate their own overnight rise to mogul status.

But while the Hollywood crowd steps the pentons of *Planes in the Sky*, it will not be nearly so generous to its corporate sponsor, Tri-Star Pictures. The reason goes back to the origins of the movies—and

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have much to do with the present confused and disorganized state of the movie business.

Tri-Star is a money-driven modern-day corporation—a company that does nothing other than make motion pictures. It doesn't speculate in real estate, make soft drinks, or even create television series. It is the child of three parents—CBS, Columbia Pictures Industries and Time Inc.—and from birth has been a creature of allegiances and skewed passions. For Co-

AS far as Hollywood was concerned, Tri-Star had been turned over to two untried lawyers—and as one studio exec disparagingly put it: "Hendler's not just a lawyer, he's a fax lawyer."

wood, the three city states are primarily subsidiaries of larger conglomerates for whom parents are a pleasant diversion and, with luck, a source of profits.

But though the creation of Tri-Star meant a fresh opportunity for all those with a penchant for gambling their money on cinema, what struck Hollywood was that the company had barely purchased itself as "tentative major" and demanded parity with the seven established Hollywood studios. After all, no major studio had taken over since the late Thirties. From the day the new studio was first announced, on November 30, 1982, the Hollywood Group Panel was on red alert. The call to arms went out from the Gossett Panel's generals—the elite corps of studio heads, superagents, and powerful lawyers who make it their business to monitor developments in the industry. It filtered through the ranks of mid-level agents, producers, and screenwriters. It ended up at the studios, becoming the idle talk of unimpressed actors, writers, and directors.

As far as the Gossett Panel was concerned, Tri-Star might as well have been baptized Titanic Productions. After all, who'd these interlopers think they were, daring to beat them at their own game?

THE PRINCIPAL ARCHITECT OF TRI-STAR was, for one thing, an interloper: only by the Hollywood establishment's extreme standards of membership. A thirty-one-year-old New York lawyer working for Columbia Pictures, Victor Kaufman, was already widely regarded as one of the

most creative financial strategists in the entertainment business when he first began drawing up plans for the new studio. As a corporate strategist, he had side-lined Kaufman's law firm by bringing on outside investors to share the costs of production. Now, taking a cue from the studio's new parent company, Coca-Cola—which had demonstrated that by creating a new product line, like Diet Coke, it was possible to boost market share—Kaufman proposed that Columbia join with two other

companies from the entertainment sector to create an entirely new studio whose first move would be to be licensed, in part, through Columbia's existing distribution system. It was a bold idea, in which Kaufman raised a safe current at Columbia, but it was the lover of The First National Bank of Boston.

After several meetings with the Shurtzins, the TV channel, CBS, NBC, and ABC, then he waited. "We were very interested in the concept, but in the absence of some parent party, we didn't feel there was any momentum about the deal," Frank Barry, then executive vice president at HBO, later recalled. But while HBO felt no urgency about Kaufman's New proposal, it was determined to prevent Columbia from forming an alliance with its archrival, Showtime. On Wednesday before Thanksgiving 1982, Victor Kaufman accompanied Vincent Vincent Jr., then president of Columbia Pictures Industries, to meet the presidents of CBS and Time Inc. (HBO's parent company) at the Manhattan headquarters of CBS. There, even the parents in Kaufman wanted, and Vincent, who had been persuaded by Kaufman's proposals, knew a way to run this over.

Columbia Pictures, Vincent announced, was about to join ABC and 20th Century Fox in buying Showtime. A final meeting was scheduled for the following Wednesday. If HBO wanted to continue doing business with Columbia, he warned, now was the time to talk to News. As Barry's later testified, "The deal was done in about six or seven days."

Actually, the deal took the better part of a Thanksgiving weekend full of intense meetings and long-distance phone calls. It appeared to offer something for everyone. Columbia, which would receive a 12.5-percent distribution fee on its movies, the studio's profits, stood a good chance of

of the movie audience, HBO would increase its access to exclusive programming and CBS would be granted the studio licenses, titles for its CBS Fox network and syndication, and a percentage off-point lease which to enter the film paper-per view arena in exchange, the three partners agreed to commit \$67 million each. With the resulting \$200 million, plus the \$200-million bank loan, plus \$200 million from outside investors, plus another \$200-million equity investment from HBO, plus \$200 million in eventual licensing fees from HBO and CBS, the new studio would be entering the business with potential operating capital of nearly \$1 billion.

As days ticked away, Monday after Tuesday morning, the principal players again assembled, this time to sign the contract. A cadre of thirty lawyers had spent three days working out. Several hours later and a few blocks away at ABC's corporate headquarters, executives from Fox and ABC awaited their Columbia counterparts for a final strategy session in preparation for Wednesday's scheduled Showtime merger, but the Columbia executives never arrived. "I know Fox hasn't received our documents," Vincent later confessed, "and I think I understand—they certainly believed we were at the slot. Well, maybe we were in the process of taking the votes, but we never did."

AS SOON AS IT READ THE FOLLOWING morning's headline in the Los Angeles Times—NEW L.A. FILM STUDIO PLANNED—the Gossett Panel felt the pangs with speculation about who was going to run this so-called studio. The story, between Thanksgiving and Christmas, the three partners had agreed that Victor Kaufman would become the chief executive officer, headquartered in New York, but they postponed discussing their decision until they could find a second executive to direct the studio's operations in Los Angeles. What was this Tri-Star?

What is simply going on as an adjunct to Columbia—in which case, Frank Price would be calling the shots? What if it was designed just to feed HBO—nothing of a plaything of Frank Barry and Michael Factor? In lieu of any definite answers, the Gossett Panel of his way negotiating at the cantankerous owner-producer David Mirisch, Sherry Lansing, who was just out of 20th Century Fox, then Movie over at Universal. In the meantime Vincent was meeting in New York with Gary Hendler, a forty-two-year-old respected but relatively low-profile Harvard-trained attorney who had just accepted a job at Reed, Berke, Rosenfeld, Golde, Hays, Swan, Conway, and Sally Field. Hendler had intensively been permitted to discuss his clients. After when he returned to Los Angeles, the lawyer received another call from Victor Kaufman. He had been given the chance to run the studio himself.



Victor Kaufman and Gary Hendler

Hendler, who claimed to have turned down other studio "propositions" in the past, warmed to the idea of shaping the company to his own specifications. But first he negotiated for himself on extremely rich deal. While Kaufman had agreed to an annual salary of \$400,000 plus a guaranteed annual bonus of at least \$200,000, Hendler demanded a salary of \$1 million plus an annual bonus, a blue chip salary set, and to the parking stock price of Coca-Cola, Time Inc., and CBS. In addition, he was granted a \$1-million interest-free loan to purchase his home, and he was assured upon the expiration of his contract in 1987 of a three-year piggy bank consultant at \$900,000 per year.

Kaufman's appointment was officially announced on February 12, 1983. In July

wood, whose appointment was also more important, then reality. Kaufman believed that Hendler's appointment would signal "implied credibility with the creative community." The Gossett Panel thought otherwise. Clearly, they reasoned, Tri-Star had been unable to secure a creditworthy studio head, so it wanted to Hendler, betting that he would hang around and Strussman with him. But is that all the way know about making money? As far as Hollywood was concerned, Tri-Star had been turned over to two untied lawyers—and, as one studio executive disparagingly put it, "Hendler's not just a lawyer, he's a fax lawyer."

But Gary Hendler's partners were equally realistic in his desires. Testified Twentieth director Sydney Pollack, "He's a terrifically honest guy, not part of the

whole show-biz establishment. Gary would make a deal in five minutes because the studios knew he didn't kick around."

GARY HENDLER? A JOKE. SOME said, and Hendler, no matter, was determined to prove them wrong. Even before Tri-Star had officers of its own the pitch was on, with Hendler setting out commitments to collaborators. By late February, Hendler had scored his first coup, having convinced friend Robert Redford to co-star in a movie called *The Natural*—for Redford's reported \$5-million fee, of course, since Hollywood dealings don't come cheap. And he was taking Sydney Pollack into joining the company as a vice president, advising on projects and scripts. As he sat alone writing the L.A. opera, Hendler also frequently turned for



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MY FATHER AND FATHER ALWAYS DELIGHTED IN TELLING STORIES ABOUT CHILDREN WHO HAD BEEN THEIR PARENTS. THEIR EYES WOULD SPARKLE AS THEY TOLD STORIES OF JEWISH CHILDREN IN RUSSIA WHO WERE ALL TOO EAGER TO TELL THE GESTAPO WHERE AND WHAT THEIR PARENTS WERE HIDING. RATTING ON YOUR PARENTS WAS THE MOST ABSOLUTE OF CRIMES, and also, it seemed, the most delicious. Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land. The price for dishonoring your parents, then, was clear & premature death. God would surely strike you dead.

The kiss-and-tell books of past seasons—in which the courtisans of Lincoln were revealed their most intimate sexual secrets—seem to have been replaced by a different and perhaps cruder sort of confessional—the *lilal biography*. These catch-and-avert books, so to be it is

What distinguishes the film biography from the less-well-tell book is the greater complexity of the bond between fathers and daughters, mothers and sons. For all the love stories in the world, the deepest and the most cutting ones are the stories of parents and children. Or as my father once said to me, "It's not easy being *Kung Lee*."

Certainly, erotic love provides the willing low-biographer with dirty secrets by the paid, and dirt is the operative word here. But as the flesh is finite, so too must be its secrets. The secrets of *Mad Love* are by no means complicated; their variations outnumber even those of the *Kama-sutra*. And while we may forgive the luminous sexual failures of all kinds—impotence, syphilis, nymphomania, and worse—we find it hardest of all to accept that one of our heroines was a bad mother.

Gypsy Rose Lee, the most famous stripper of the twentieth century, was

actly a very radical woman, according to her son, Erik Lee Perryman, the author of *Gypsy & Me: At Home and on the Road with Gypsy Rose Lee* (Little, Brown). And beyond that, he says, she was a good mother: "because she killed a child beloved with my mother I struggled with her since I was an infant old."

The wife then has her son-in-law to say about Gypsy is that she was somewhat stony. When Effie starts his career as a biologist at Riverside Country School for Boys, her husband, unfortunately concerned about his wardrobe, Gypsy attempts to teach him the value of a buck by having him hawk her biography Gypsy. When this fundraising project fails, Gypsy selects only up to a poem, she takes him to the home of the actual producer Leonard Willson, who was cleaning out his closets and had agreed to sell her some of his old suits. And this is the time that Effie takes back to school with him a new suit. Gypsy then tells her son-in-law that old Brooks "before they took that belonged to a man "that lost fifty pounds heavier" than he. As all of his daughters and sons know this is the fate of heartbreak.

Another time Cagney refuses to buy her new underpants, telling her that if Harry Truman could find time to wash out his socks and underwear every night during his stay in the White House, so could the adolescent Erik. At various times Erik is convinced that "Mother" cared more for her secretaries than for her own.

For Gorge, it's a little bit of the same old, well-paid star who can never completely drive out the ghosts of childhood stardom. Even when she was making \$10,000 a week at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas, the stripper booked a hotel room several miles away in order to economize by cooking her meals on a camp stove.

As Eric delights in telling us about his mother's cheapskape, he cites even greater pleasure in revealing her sluttishly expensive. And he seems to enjoy most of all recalling in vivid detail the sloppy and drunkenly comical in which Miss Leno would get her pants down.

This stuff is for the transsexuals of the

glamour points up one of the more interesting instances of some film biographers. These books are not concerned with ensuring a place for their subjects in the archives of social history. They do not boast or inflate their heroes—rather they aim to deflate them.

Susan Cheever has a different motive in her biographical memoir *Home Before Dark* (Knopf, \$19.95). It is necessary to point out right away that John Cheever and Gypsy Rose Lee inhabited different universes, and so do their biographies. If John Cheever deserves nothing else, he deserves a literary biography, and his daughter, a novelist in her own right, has given him nothing less.

Cheever's resemblance of her father reveals a state of affairs—Cheever was an alcoholic and a homosexual—and yet there is nothing of the 1950s in her.

is not a question of duty or class, of saving the sheets or hiding them away. Where other sons and daughters appear to be paying their subjects' back—biography as revenge, memoir as punishment—Miss Cheever's purpose is distinctly luxury. Like her father before her, she writes "to enter some of...life."

His father was busy things to his daughter, but most precious to her, perhaps, was his role as teacher. When the Cheever family was living in Italy the year that Susan turned thirteen, her father attempted to explain to her the difference between Rome and Boston—a moral geography whose poles expressed the paradox of his daughter's coming of age in his native New England. He explained, "they differ in the original and literary...modesty was so sacred that young girls were never accustomed and underwear was hung out on the clothesline concealed in special pillowcases."

When kids rat on their folks

by Brett Singer

BOOKS

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THE TOTAL SPORTS NETWORK

Susan Cheever's special gift is that she knows as if it were a nightmare. Neither excessively prudish nor pornographically casual, she gives us a rarest kind of rape, crime instead of gossip. It is not that we make our own laws, but by the time we reach the end we see the facts are not dreams. Perhaps the same canonicity applies to film biography.

MY FATHER ONCE TOLD ME THAT he dreams of his father, dead since 1864, almost every night. The hold of the ghost over the child, the sway of a parent's associations, seems to us even from the other side. "She'll have his blood and drive a sports car and we'll call her Susan," Cheever was supposed to have said to his wife before their daughter was born. And naturally, the daughter that life gave him was "fantasy, plucked by him... almost any and everyone." The urge to water it all down, take the urge to record a parent's life, always comes down to the same thing—a desire to win the parent's love. And if that love cannot be given, the biographer will write the corpse into it, not live, something as vain—a promise settlement in public terms.

Sometimes the only way to this end is to punish the parent with the pen—for if revenge is sweet, conscious revenge is even sweeter. If a child has been tal-

mented by his famous mother or father, the publication—the making public—of the celebrity-parent's sins provides not only catharsis but also reproof.

By now everyone in the English-speaking world is familiar with the rather eccentric child-rearing practices of the star of *Melvin Place* for *Mommie Dearest* (William Morris) by Christina Crawford made for the money, if you will, of the memoir as public biography. There's the time Joan punished Christina for picking at the wallpaper by taking part of a room to her inmate lock and then making Christina wear the cut-up dress for a week straight. If anyone was to ask why she was wearing the torn dress, which by the end of the work exposed her underwear, she was ordered to say, "I don't like pretty things." There's also the time the name-brand Christina had up in the shower, and the time "Mommie" locked her in the bathroom, fully aware of Christina's fear of the dark.

When Joan Crawford and Paul Terry split up for good, Crawford confessed her complete loss of the family album, one or two of which were left with just a severed male head. "As her adopted daughter explains," where Mommie dearest got mad enough she ripped people to shreds and made them disappear... I spent more than twenty-five years trying to make sure my Mommie dearest lived on... so she

wouldn't... make me disappear too."

It is this very real fear of disappearance that underlies the biographies of the celebrated. The children of the famous—and perhaps that is especially true of the offspring of Hollywood stars—live their lives in shadow, in transience, as well as in the deflected light of their parents' glory.

The death of the famous parent seems to have a double effect: the child is liberated from his second-class identity, but his own identity is further subdued.

In the final scene of her last memoir, Christina attends as "voluntarily" tribute to her son Crawford, Eric Lee Fremont, who has moved with Gary Crosby to a new home in Beverly Hills. Susan Cheever picks a baseball and "told it gently to the grave." And not critics is so surprised that the connected son of Bing Crosby ends his last memoir with his father's death.

According to Gary Crosby in *Going My Own Way* (Doubleday), America's favorite crooner made Joan Crawford look like Bette Midler. The overnight popstar was introduced to Bing's friends and colleagues as "Bing's friend, Geraldine Ann My Fair Lady Kid, and so on. He was put on a diet of grapefruit and celery and weighed in every Tuesday. And... if the scale read more than it should have, he ordered me into his office and had to drop my trousers." Between the laughing delivered by his mother and father, Gary Crosby must have spent most of his childhood with his penis around his ankles. And just like the heroes and heroines of those easy Victorian novels that detail the cruel punishment of children by monstrous master adults, Gary Crosby is forced to cut his own switch from the trees in his parents' lush backyard. (This detail gives one particular pleasure, for I have seen the photos of these branches—my parents made them better use in the Crosby's and Bel Air mansion.)

In many ways the children of the famous are orphans. No wonder then that so many of these books and with the parents put into their graves. This misery has not led to private lawsuits, exiles—or, if persecuted ones, best-selling attempts to bury once and for all their parents as parents, and along with them, the last dreams of childhood. The biographies, it sometimes turns out, are our very own fathers.

Michelle has said, "If one does not have a good father, one must provide oneself with one." And that is perhaps the profession for all of these books about mothers and fathers. The book becomes the parent one creates oneself: a parent made of ink and words. And anyone knows a paper thing can only breathe paper life. I understand, Father, that it's not easy being Bing Lee, not even as Der Bingle's backyard—no easier than being Cordelia Ross. Since the author of *The Perfect Son* has just finished a new novel, *Footloose in Havana*,

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BY T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE

On for the Long Haul



There was nothing wrong with his appendix—wasn't it in the hole, no inflammation, no pain—but Bayard was having it out. For safety's sake. (It'd end an article once about an anthropologist who'd gone to Malaysia to study the social habits of the orangutans and died horribly when her appendix had burst three hundred miles from the nearest hospital, as

she lay writhing in her death agony the distraught speech had leaked her halfway up a sidewalk once when she was found several days later by a photographer from *Life* magazine. The picture—splendid torso, pretty face, torso like a mouthful of teeth—was idealistic with her, a shoulder harness to his persistent mental baggage. She'd been surprised, this anthropologist, instructive to the little details that can make, or break you. Bayard was taking no such chances.

At their first meeting, the surgeon had been skeptical. "You're going to Nantais, Mr. West, not Rome. There are hospitals there, all the modern facilities."

"It's got to go, Doctor," Bayard had said quite matter-of-factly, looking up with perfect composure from the



T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE was born in 1943 near the Irish immigrant family in Brooklyn, New York. "I don't think I ever read a book until I was eighteen," he says. "I went to college in a small town and then taught high school to stay out of Vietnam. But finally I was teaching writing, taking a lot of drugs." In 1973, as a way out of dead-end "teaching" the Iowa Writers' Workshop chose to give him a sabbatical, the first step in a career as novelist. "Heart of Chicago" appeared in *Esquire* in 1978. In 1979 he story in *Esquire*. "Season of Man" appeared in *Esquire* in 1980. He is now a senior lecturer at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, where he teaches fiction writing. His most recent novel, *Heart of Chicago*, is a collection of stories set in the city of Chicago. He is also a frequent contributor to *Esquire*, *Playboy*, *Time*, *Rolling Stone*, and *Newsweek*. His most recent collection of stories, *Heart of Chicago*, is a collection of stories set in the city of Chicago. He is also a frequent contributor to *Esquire*, *Playboy*, *Time*, *Rolling Stone*, and *Newsweek*. His most recent collection of stories, *Heart of Chicago*, is a collection of stories set in the city of Chicago. He is also a frequent contributor to *Esquire*, *Playboy*, *Time*, *Rolling Stone*, and *Newsweek*.



Olgett's headlights swung into the yard to illuminate two tiny figures huddled in the mud from the simulated house that ran the length of the front porch. "What's that?" he asked them first. "What's that?" he said.

"What?"

"There, up on the porch."

By the time Bayard saw them it was too late. First he sent them too—distracted ears and limp arms, the tiny little carcasses twisting slowly toward their misadventurous nooses—and, worse, the seven-year-old, rising from her sleep, had caught a night-mare glimpse of them before he could flick off the light. "My God," then whispered. Then they came in, the dark, the darkness, no glimmer of light for miles. Then Bayard began to whisper and Melan called out too, same sharply, as if in astonishment, as if he alone were responsible for all the hurts and perils of the world.

Bayard felt he was waking. Park tried nice and dark sauce torn at the pit of his stomach with a belchous insistence. From non-hyperventilating, and the girl's lamentations rose as a misery from phosphenic bewitched beads to the exterminating of darkness. Foghorned, airy, uncorroborating, and there in outer darkness, his head crawling in the wheel. When finally he looked on the perfect lights and pushed open the door, from detached his arm with the grip of a newborn. "Don't go out there," she hissed.

"Don't be silly," Bayard said.

"No," she sobbed, clamping at him as if she were drowning. Her eyes rigid at him in the dark light, the girls were weeping and crying, and then she was pressing, something into his hand, heavy, cold, instrument of death. "Take this."

So on seven nights were parked outside the T&T Cocktail Bar when Bayard rolled in to downtown Detroit. It was half past eleven, still late in the town, a solitary streetlight glowing like a myopic eye. As he crossed the street to the telephone outside Chuck's Wagon, Bayard could make out a number of shadowy figures in broad-brimmed hats calling across the front of the bar. There was a murmur of disembodied voices, the sipping whine of a country fiddle, stars overhead, the glow of cigarettes below. Detroit, he thought, hurrying past them. Their lives wouldn't be worth a cinder of crushed glass when he left.

Bayard walked up to the phone, then the receiver from its cradle, and slowly dialed a number he'd scribbled across a paper napkin. He was sorry, kept up, but with outrage, he listened to the phone ring once, twice, three times, as he stared under his breath. This was too much. His wife was sick with him, his children transfixed, and all he'd worked for—security, self-sufficiency, peace of mind—was threatened. He'd had to growl round his own house like a criminal, clatching a gun he didn't know how to use, peering at his own shadow as each bed came in succession, each pocket of shadow a crouching

adversity, the very cross dartsed against him. Finally, while Pina and the girls huddled in the locked car, he'd cut down Lennie and Chas, banded the leftless bodies in a towel, and had them out back. Then from, her face like a sock of fear, had made his turn on all the lights till the house blazed like a stage set, waiting that he search the closets, poke the mounds of the gun under the beds, and throw back the covers of the lighter columns like an undercover cop busing drug peddlers. When he'd talked at this last previous time, the phones couldn't have concealed anything bigger than a house hold—she'd mentioned him of how they found Charlie Winston under the kitchen sink. "All right," he'd said after searching the basement, there's nobody here. It's a dog."

"It was that comic, wasn't it?" From the phone, as if afraid she'd be overheard.

"Daddy," Melan cried, "where's Lennie, and... and... and..." The two word ended off in a broken lamentation for the dead, and Bayard felt the anger like a hot magnet inside him.

"I don't know," he said, pressing Melan to him, and murmuring her face, caressing her shoulders. "I don't know." The wail of the doorway he could see Melan sitting in the big armchair, sucking her thumb. Suddenly he became aware of the gun in his hand. He stood down at a bar in a long apartment, and then almost accidentally as if it were a cigarette lighter or nail clipper, he slipped it into his pocket.

Now he stood outside Chuck's Wagon, the night breathing down his neck, the telephone receiver pressed to his ear. Four rings, five, six. Suddenly the line clicked off. He felt his voice attack round a knot of suspicion, answered with a quick tentative. "Yeah?"

"Sure? It's me, Bayard."

"What?"

"Bayard? Work?"

"There was a game. 'Oh yeah,' Arlene said. Soak," Bayard. What can I do for you? You need anything?"

"No, I just wanted to ask you—"

"Because I know you're doing it, be short of hardware for hardware, cement, and all that, and I've got a new line of most modern, you might want to take a look at—"

"Sure? Bayard's voice had gone shrill, and he kept to control it. "I just wanted to ask you about the guy in the shirt, you know, the one you had with you up here last month—"

"Calvin?"

"There was another game. Bayard could picture his cousin in a flannel-sleeveded uniform, going ready to turn in on a bed that converted to a life rail in the event a second floor came over the earth while he was sleeping. "Uh-huh. Yeah. What about him?"

"Well, did he ever by the place? I mean, is he up here now?"

"Listen, Bayard, why not let bypassable by guess, huh? Bayard is no different than you are—except maybe he does it for children, is all. He's a little person, Bayard, on his long hand like you. I'm sure he's kept all

about that kid incident—and he should you."

Bayard drew a long breath. "You got to know, Sam."

"I believe if I hear, Bayard."

"I don't need advice. Sam, just information. Look, I can go down to the county auditor's office in the morning and get what I want."

Arlene sighed. "At night," he said finally. "Yes. He moved in yesterday."

When he turned away from the phone, Bayard felt his face go hot. Sure, it was a joke. He owned thirty-five sets of underwear, well-worn, black-washed underwear, and his only neighbor was a psychologist who had children in the street and a husband helped make. Well, he wasn't going to allow it. Society might be heading for collapse, but there were still laws on the books. He'd call the sheriff, take Calvin to court, have him locked up.

He was halfway to his car, just driving even with the open door of the T&T, when he became aware of a familiar sound off to his left—he turned, recognizing the distinctive high whine of an Olgett pickup. There, sitting at the curb, was an Olgett pickup, looking like half an MK coupe with a raised and gridded to the rear end. He stopped, puzzled. This was no Ford, no Chevy, no Dodge. The Olgett was as near as those parts in a parking lot—he'd never seen one himself till Arlene. . . Suddenly he began to understand.

The door swung open. Calvin's face was dark—purple as a tomato in the bright light. The engine idled, raced, and then fell back as the car idled. The headlights seemed to clutch at the street. "Hey, hey," Calvin said. "My Uncle Mercedes. My Uncle Mercedes."

Bayard became aware of movement in the windows around him. The berries, the crows, had gathered silently, watching him. Calvin stood twenty feet away, a mile away, in his side. Bayard knew that only, only he'd know the Olgett. Reason-made, he thought. AK 47. Straggled out of Afghanistan. He felt that a little proof against his trust, perhaps had done like a powerful old horse. His teeth were good. He had a five-year supply of food in his basement and a gun in his pocket. Calvin was waiting.

Bayard took a step forward. Calvin was in the dirt and moved the rifle. There was a rattled cough from the shadows, and out of the corner of his eye Bayard saw the flash of a match, the implacable dark figures of the spectators, and then the face of him and the children passing in quick review.

He could have gone for his gun, but he didn't want to know how to release the safety catch, let alone aim and fire the thing, and a canteen to be that even if he did know how to handle it, once if he'd fired a thousand times at rats, bottles, rocks, and ordinary rats, he would never use it, not if all of the hungry hordes of the earth were at his door. But Calvin would. Oh yes, Calvin would. Calvin was on for the long haul. ☐

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